Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 4, No. 22 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 178

Around Town.

A clergyman of St. Thomas, in this province, has recently been retired by his congregation for kissing one who is spoken of by the papers as a well preserved widow. If anything could be offered to palliate the offence of a clergyman who kisses one of the lady members of his congregation, it would be the fact that she was a well preserved widow, for before and since the days of Sam Weller they have been an alluring, peace-destroying element. The fact that the clergyman was between fifty and sixty suggests that he was old enough to have had more sense, but somehow propriety of conduct and forgetfulness of the charms of osculation do not always come with maturity of years. In itself kissing is not necessarily a wicked or soul-destroying habit, and it is not classed by clergymen with such wicked amusements as dancing, theater-going, card-playing, etc. In fact, it is an amusement towards which clerics seem to have more or less of a tendency, and it so frequently gets them into trouble that I propose in this little ministerial association of my own to read a paper on kissing, lay and clerical, in order that the brethren of the cloth may have an outside opinion by which to conduct the labial exercises incident to their parish work.

***

Kissing, as the essayist would put it, is a very ancient habit and a very pleasant and not improper one under certain circumstances. No doubt it was introduced by Adam and Eve, and as far as we can learn from history has been continuously practiced ever since. Men used to kiss one another and even within my memory I have seen men in this country, belonging to the same religious faith, salute one another with what they considered a holy kiss. I remember after I was nearly grown up one of them did it to me. I didn't like it. I thought he was going to bite me, and his beard rubbing up against my face gave me the most dreadful sensation I ever experienced. Women kiss one another in a very formal way. As far as I can gather they don't care for it and it seems a pity that they should have to embrace one another when they would rather not. Children of opposite sexes kiss one another with a gusto and abandon which is very charming to see, though it is doubtful if the kissing games so prevalent at children's parties do not lead to the formation of a habit of promiscuous kissing which it is hard to keep up in after life without dangerous consequences.

***

It is difficult to make young people understand that kissing is all right until the lad begins to get a mustache and the young woman to wear long dresses. Just why kissing should cease with adolescence it is hard to explain to the kissors and the kissees, as it were, yet the fact remains that with them circumstances have altered and kissing has become dangerous. Yet clergymen and over careful parents are apt to forbid dancing, theater-going, and other rational amusements while permitting if not encouraging those promiscuous performances known as kissing games. In my youth, and even at a period not quite so long ago, I have taken part in these not very refined amusements where you seize on a young woman and after a more or less desperate struggle plant a kiss on her hair or her nose or lips according to the difficulties of the encounter and the genuineness of the resistance. I think dancing is much more wholesome and seemly. A kissing game is undignified and permits liberties to be taken which if attempted in a ballroom would cause a man to be thrust out without his hat.

***

The kiss exchanged by adults of opposite sexes is considered to be the outward manifestation of an inward feeling which should not exist except between people who are pledged to marry each other or have already done so. Some of our clerical brethren have endeavored in vain to maintain the parochial kiss, claiming for it a sacerdotal character which other men and women could never distinguish from the ordinary variety. It is only recently that the clerical kiss has been declared absolutely improper insomuch as the clerical brethren have passions similar to those of other men, and as the adult kiss is more or less an admission that such a feeling has been aroused, it is eminently wise that gentlemen of the cloth should be kept out of temptation by the abolition of what was once considered their right to kiss pretty members of their flock. The St. Thomas brother vainly argued the religious character of the kiss he had bestowed upon the well preserved widow. The widow herself seems to have misunderstood to a certain extent this element of the exercise, and consequently the elders and deacons can hardly be blamed for refusing to accept the pastoral view of what had occurred. Among city clergymen I think there is less tendency to insist upon privileges which were once accorded the cloth, than amongst those stationed in smaller places. As Dr. Parsons recently was so blunt in the language with which he described dancing, I might be permitted to say without exceeding the limits, that I have seen clergymen do a great deal of pawing around, rubbing of the arms of the sisterhood, and otherwise acting in a manner which is vulgarly described as "fresh." I may repeat that this is not the characteristic of men who have city charges or of pious men anywhere. Paradoxical as it may seem, clergymen, while men of God, have to become to a certain extent men of the world; it is absolutely necessary for them to do so in order to maintain their position. Catholic and Anglican priests everywhere must be in manners men of the world, for the ethics of their churches insist upon the wisdom of the serpent as well as the harmlessness of the dove. People who live in cities will not permit any clerical indulgence in these peculiarities, but at camp meetings and revival services in country places I have seen altogether too much of the sort of thing I have mentioned.

***

To return to kissing as an allurement and dangerous pleasure, it certainly should be the duty of parents to caution even little children against the habit. Even little girls should not be permitted to consider it a trivial thing. They should not be permitted to kiss the masculine friends of the family to whom they are introduced, as more than one disease is more readily conveyed by a kiss than in any other way. As the girl grows into womanhood she should be taught to reserve her kisses and all such manifestations of affection for her near relatives and the man who has promised to become, or has become, her husband. But there is a most objectionable laxity in this matter which must be noticeable to everyone who sees silly young people sitting on the stairs and in conservatories indulging in what is known as "spooning." The more a girl spoons in this fashion the more she is avoided by sensible young men who do not desire after they are married to have giddy lads remarking that they had kissed his wife before he did, or tell tales of how they "spooned" on the stairs with her at such and such a party. The lesson of personal dignity seems sometimes to be very poorly taught to young people. Their parents at least should inculcate enough of it to last them until the trials and troubles and misunderstandings and misrepresentations of which life is so full, have warned them of the necessity of keeping themselves to themselves.

***

The Local Legislature has been discussing a municipal reform which perhaps seems unduly important to me as I have been advocating it for ten or twelve years, but of course the government—Reform in name only—were opposed to such a reorganization of their patronage as would make it impossible for them to reward their henchmen and machine workers by pensioning them for life on the taxpayers who now pay them on an average three times what they are worth—indeed, three times what good men would be worth, and decayed politicians are very seldom good men. The matter was not handled expertly by those who proposed the motions in the Legislature, the payment of municipal officers by salaries instead of fees being offered separately and defeated, the government pretending that the present is the more economical scheme. Of course any scheme can be made economical or expensive by those who work it. As the government requires these offices for their shouters and log rollers the fees or salaries, whichever are paid, must be large in order to satisfy appetites whetted by long waiting. For instance, Mr. Peter Ryan would not have been satisfied with an office the salary of which was only twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year, though that indeed would be liberal pay for the amount of work he does. He could make more money out of elections and the auction and shoddy business between times. So Mr. Ryan had to be given a lucrative office, and it was easier to give him one of indefinite value and make the contention that if his remuneration is large he earns it by receiving so much for each piece of work done. Of course this contention is an absurdity, as neither he nor his partner in the registry business here does any work to speak of. When this instance was being quoted to the government to show how villainously the fee system works against the taxpayer, Mr. Mowat declared that this year the registration of indentures had enormously decreased and that the fees of the two registrars would decrease also. But he did not say that as the business had shrunk to proportions no greater than when it was admitted that the newcomer, Mr. Ryan, was brought in, he would be dispensed with. No indeed. That is not the way the Reform politician reforms abuses.

***

In country towns, where twelve hundred dollars is considered an excellent salary by the most accomplished and trusted bookkeeper in the place, that amount would be enough for the registrar whose work is light and responsibility small. The ordinary payment for county treasurers who have to give bonds much greater than those required from registrars and whose duties are quite as important, seldom exceeds a thousand or twelve hundred dollars. The treasurers, however, are elected by the county councils, and as they pay the piper the salary and the music are chosen to suit their constituents, not the official. Sheriffs and registrars appointed by the government receive salaries three times as great, do not attend to their business as thoroughly, and being independent of the people can afford to be supercilious.

***

The whole reform it seems to me should have been put to vote as one matter. In the first place the fees should be done away with and small salaries substituted. At the same time the offices should be made elective and the candidates for them would not be gentlemen of "elegant leisure," but men who wanted a position where they would have to earn every cent they received. Some of the newspapers in speaking of the elective system point out the abuses which have crept into it in the United States, and are quite as untruthful in this regard as they are when taking the other tack and pointing to the United States as our natural industrial ally and protector. When they are trying to bring about annexation by means of Unrestricted Reciprocity they love our American neighbors and doat on their institutions, but when an effort is being made to do away with Grit patronage they are horrified to think that we can think for a moment of adopting a "Yankee" institution, and speak of our neighbors and their institutions as if they were thoroughly despicable. I have done newspaper and commercial work in the United States and probably have as good an acquaintance in the middle, west and southern states as any of these legislative critics, and I can state without fear of truthful contradiction that the work done by elective municipal officers is as well done and much more cheaply done than by our appointed officials. It offers a series of rewards to men who have served the community, while here the same prizes are reserved for political tricksters and the roustabouts of a party.

***

One newspaper speaks of the enormous sums spent in New York to obtain the position of sheriff, recorder, etc. Why? Because from the days of the old appointive system the plan of paying by fees has remained unchanged and some of the offices are worth, net, from thirty to a hundred thousand dollars a year. It is not the elective system that is wrong, it is the fee system! Another feature of the case which these newspapers have not mentioned is that the appointive system was in vogue in the United States. A reform was introduced making all municipal offices elective in some of the states. It worked so well and was so satisfactory that now it is the system in every state in the union. This does not seem as if our Republican neighbors had become disgusted with choosing their own municipal servants. Another point must be remembered. The suffrage is very different. In the States men who pay nothing but the poll tax are permitted to vote in municipal elections in most of the states, and this introduces many abuses which would not be introduced here where our system is different. There is every argument for universal suffrage in national matters where every man who has not become too old is liable to be forced into military service, and where he pays taxes by the tariff system in as fair a proportion as is paid by the wealthiest land holder. In municipal affairs there are many arguments why only land holders and those paying rentals should enjoy the franchise. But certainly those who have that much stake in the community should be as free to choose their municipal servants as the merchant is to select his clerks or the farmer to choose a hired man. That Mr. Mowat's government has refused these reforms should be remembered, and his pretences of economy and bogus horror of "Yankee" institutions should not shield him from the indignation of those who will continue to pay taxes running into hundreds of thousands of dollars which should be saved to the people were these necessary reforms adopted.

***

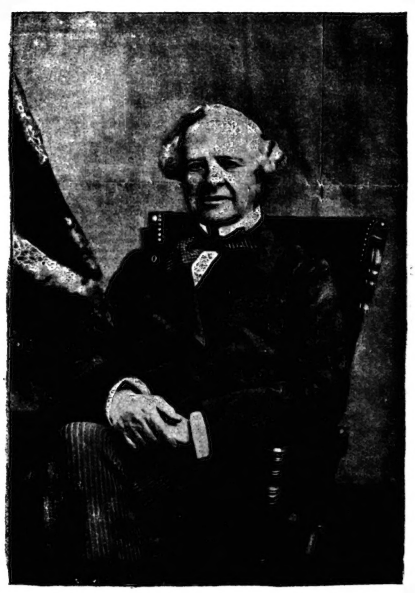
Walking down Yonge street the other day I followed a young couple who were evidently quite newly married. She was a pretty, vivacious little woman scarcely out of her teens. He carried a lawyer's bag over his shoulder and was probably twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. They were laughing and chatting in that "chummy" way which suggests a delightful companionship. Without intending to be an eavesdropper I heard enough of what was said to convince me that they were married, exuberantly happy and, as he put it, "deucedly poor." The bag thrown over his shoulder not only suggested a briefless condition, but distinctly outlined so that every pedestrian who followed him could make no mistake, a pair of old shoes. They bulged through the fabric, and so plainly protuberant were they that I could even mark the decadence of the heels. As he turned to talk to her I saw a pale, studious face which suggested hard work rather than bad health, and when she looked up at him it was not hard to decide that she considered him the greatest lawyer on earth. By and by she turned down a side street—going to visit her mother possibly—and he after leaving his companion quickened his pace and left me to meditate over the fate of these pleasant young people.

***

As I have often remarked in this column, one of the luckiest men on earth is the one with a chummy wife. She enters into his pursuits and appreciates his struggles, is in such intelligent partnership with his poverty, or so deft in helping him to enjoy his riches that the world is twice as gay, temptations lose half their power, and every pleasure, every achievement is multiplied by two. As a rule boys—and the majority of the masculine sex are boys at twenty-three or four—are foolish to marry because they do not then know the kind of a woman they need, but that young fellow would have been foolish had he failed to secure the companionship of that level-headed and vivacious young woman. They have plenty of trials ahead of them, but she is brave enough to cry when he is down at the office and laugh when he is at home, and he seemed to be man enough not to load all his miseries on her shapely young shoulders. I admire the pluck of such brave young hearts. There is not gloom enough in life to chase the joy out of even a shabby home while they have one another. Men often sit down and figure up their assets and liabilities. How seldom do they take into account the greatest treasure they have, the woman who has kept joy and sweetness from fading out of their life. And women, too, are apt to know all their troubles and to recite them several times too often, forgetful of the man who thinks of them twenty times to once of himself when success or failure stares him in the face. What a jolly thing it would be if we could all trip through life as that young couple trudged merrily down Yonge street, thoroughly content with very little, parting hopefully each one to the day's tasks, meeting to divide up our sorrows and forget them, so happy to-day as not to sigh for yesterday or long for to-morrow. And this state of things can be brought about by proper companionship, yet life is so full of misfits that such happiness is rare. I think it might be cultivated. Those who sit down and reckon it up would be surprised to find how complete and satisfying a thing it is, and perhaps by worrying less over fine dresses or money making many young couples who now argue and look cross may "chum" with one another and feel happy.

***

At Monday's meeting of the Ministerial Association it was pleasant to see the brethren varying the programme by discussing some of the very shabby if not sinful ways churches have of raising money. Brother Bishop entered his protest against entertainments, oyster, tea-meetings, church bazaars and fairs, and in fact all the schemes adopted of late years by the churches "to raise money for the use of God, as desecrating to the church and demoralizing and degrading to the members." When we hear the parsons thundering against those things which worldly people enjoy, we sometimes suspect them of feeling angry because sinners make their entertainments more attractive than the saints succeed in making their services. When, however, the brethren begin to expose the fakes which their own societies originate, we can be interested observers and not fear that offensive things will be hurled at us by those we consider have a good deal of work to do before they get their own door



EARL GRANVILLE.

yard quite free from rubbish. For my own part I think the concerts, tea-meetings, bazaars and all that sort of thing which churches indulge in are quite as demoralizing and worldly as concerts managed by unconverted speculators and theatrical caterers, and what is worse they are much less interesting. One never seems to get value for their money at a tea-meeting, is almost invariably robbed at a bazaar, and without exception bored at those educationary and would-be musical entertainments in the lecture room. There is no doubt that the prevalence of such things in the church reduces the whole concern to the level of a secular enterprise which is a kind of a mixture of a club, Sons of Temperance lodge and debating society. It is in vain that the attempt is made to cast a religious light over the combination. People get in the habit of looking to the church as a place of entertainment, and the preacher has to be entertaining and the choir has to be modern and prayers must be shortened up to fit the dinner hour, and sacrament must not be introduced too often but robbed of its solemnity and brought on rather as an occasional dessert. I think Brother Bishop is quite right. If the preachers and church managers would let the regular amusement caterers have a monopoly of the business and demand propriety and profit in the entertainments offered, a better class of concerts and lectures would be available and the "amusement business" would not be left with nothing but worldlings as their patrons and critics.

* * *

As to a first-class musical service in a church on Sunday tending to neutralize the effects of the sermon, I do not feel so sure. The sensual avenues of reaching a man's heart are the most available ones. A Roman Catholic church with its "dim religious light," its music and chanting, the odor of the incense and the brightness of the altar have a wonderful effect and make me feel worshipful. The bad singing of a choir, the drawling of the congregation and the squeaking of an organ are not the way to prepare people to hear and appreciate the good and beautiful, nor to preserve undisturbed the memory of the elevating things they have heard. No doubt as Brother Bishop remarked musical services should not be thought sufficient to attract "the unchurched masses." If his suggestion is followed and the wanderers are reached and attracted by the Christian conduct of members of the church, he need not fear that their devotional altitude will be disturbed by the beauty of a musical service. What is needed to make religious institutions more attractive is more religion, not less music. Profession of Christianity will be more popular when it means more Christianity in the life of the professor. What the preachers need is not less liberality but more godliness. Eloquence is not driving anybody away from the church, but egotism is.

* * *

The Association has expressed its disapprobation and severely sat upon the pharisaical fake of the *Mail* which is trying to get subscribers and solidity by having a voting contest for the most popular pastor in Ontario. The Catholic *Review*, as the organ of its church, sits upon the scheme as degrading and despicable, and altogether I am much in doubt if the paper that used party politics as a fake, Protestantism as a scheme, temperance as a dodge, and abandoned each one when it had worked the subscriber business up hill and down dale, will make much out of this its latest invention for pulling itself out of a hole.

* * *

The "National Evenings" originated by President Barlow Cumberland of the National Club, have during the past winter been a very pleasant feature. On Tuesday evening, the last of the series, Hon. James Young read an able paper on Canada; Its Past and Its Future. The information provided in the paper deserves to be preserved and widely distributed. It indicated painstaking research and the result was an aggregation of figures most encouraging to believers in the future of this country. The Hon. Mr. Young occupies a high and clean place amongst our provincial politicians and he was listened to with that respect which he so well deserves. His address was not only a paper which will serve for further reference, but throughout it was hopeful and in some passages eloquent. If I may venture a criticism it is that patriotism is more to be aroused by an appeal to the emotions than by any arithmetical process, and the speaker who uses the latter method, while furnishing material for other orators, has to be satisfied with fewer manifestations of warmth and receptiveness on the part of his audience. Mr. Young, however, had every reason to be satisfied with his reception while his hearers had every reason to be satisfied with his speech. My own view is that any speaker who advocates separation from Great Britain should feel it his duty to show his hearers that the dissimilar elements in this Dominion could ever succeed in framing a constitution which could or should stand the strain of the bitter diversity of opinion and racial antagonisms which make government in this country so difficult, and one might almost add, so corrupt. It is easy to brush these things aside in a burst of patriotic fervor, and those who do it are apt at the same time, and quite illogically, to dismiss Imperial Federation as undesirable and impracticable. However, the Hon. Mr. Young's speech both in its utterance and in the wide publicity it will receive from the newspapers, cannot but make Canadians aware of the high position they occupy and strengthen their determination that their individuality and autonomy shall not be sacrificed either by a closer union with the United States or the United Kingdom. It is the fact that our independence and autonomy can be better preserved, that our future can be rendered more prosperous and that our past need be sacrificed in no respect, which makes me prefer Imperial Federation either to the dream of Independence as a separate nation or the delusive hope that as a portion of the United States we would be anything else than the despised Esaus who had sacrificed their birthright in the hope of obtaining that which the God of nations promises always to those who learn to labor and to wait.

The discussion of our street car system has not been characterized by any manifestation of municipal ability likely to encourage the citizens in the hope that we have amongst us a Napoleon of municipal finance who could take hold of the enterprise for the people and make it a success. Upon one thing the newspapers seem to be united, that the city should receive a percentage of the gross receipts. It is easy enough to see that if we are to receive but a tithe of the net receipts, that the business would be careful to make their profits indirectly and to leave our share in the uncertain and immaterial future as the Gas Company has done. They promised to reduce the price of gas when their profits reached a certain point, and though every citizen is convinced that that point was passed many years ago the proportionate reduction in the price has been avoided by all sorts of tricks. In like manner our share of the profits in the net income of the street car system would fail to materialize. It must be admitted, however, that by asking too much the committee in charge of the matter may make the franchise unsalable. It has been hinted that this is the policy of some of those who are anxious to keep it under direct municipal management. This suspicion and others which are rising should cause the committee to give the greatest publicity to their deliberations. The aldermen must understand that the public will detect the most cunning work in this matter, and that even the fine Italian hand of the man or men who are looking for a job cannot escape the alertness which for once characterizes the citizens in their watchfulness of what is being done.

* * *

Contractor Godson seems to be experiencing the truth of the old saying that the mills of the gods grind slowly, and that it is sometimes a very agitating thing waiting for the grist. I imagine that the public are willing to suspend judgment in this matter until the evidence is all in. That James S. Fullerton, Q.C., has been disassociated with the prosecution for reasons which have not been given to the public, does not make those who are watching the trial feel at all sure that a conviction is probable. Mr. Fullerton did some brilliant and painstaking work as prosecutor during the investigation and there should be every reason why he should continue the work he began. Is he another example of how unhealthy it is just now in Toronto to be derelict in one's devotion at the shrine of the Mayor?

* * *

Take exercise! This is advice that is applicable to everyone. We have had some fine weather and almost for the first time in six months it has been possible for people to enjoy a walk or ride. The result of bad weather has been that the majority of people have been taking too little exercise and are suffering both in health and spirits for lack of it. I notice that the streets during the sunshine have been unusually thronged with pedestrians, and what is more, that they have been indoors and riding in street cars so long that they forget the old-fashioned rule of always keeping to the right. It is a most embarrassing thing to be kept dodging and bumping up against people while trying to get past them. A couple of good points to urge just now are these: Take exercise and keep to the right!

DON.

Social and Personal.

I have been spending an hour over some beautiful fashion books just arrived from Paris, and I am wondering now what I have gleaned from them about the summer gowns? I saw some charming costumes of sateen, plain and figured, one with pale blue puckered sleeves, under bodice and skirt, and an overdress and loose-fronted jacket of cream, strewn with blue blossoms. And a dainty afternoon dress of shot silk, covered with net, flounced with ten-inch wide lace, headed with jet, with full net sleeves and girdled loosely with a cut jet band falling nearly to the floor behind. A neat little bonnet of net with a rampant jet aigrette in front, goes with this pretty gown. And the bonnets and hats! Saw you ever anything get its back up like one of these modish little affairs! and don't you believe the fanciful story of the unhappy lady whose hat was blown off and run over by five wagons and who was adjured by her milliner not to take one single dent out of it, as it was just the perfection of style? Many of these Paris gowns over which I have been poring, are to be duplicated for Toronto's pretty women, and I must return thanks to Miss Paton, at the Golden Lion, for kindly sending the plates in to me to look at.

*

Lace flounces are decidedly *chic* for all sorts of gowns, and the maiden who has a black silk a little *passe* can freshen it up with a deep flounce of lace round the basque, another for the skirt and a pair of bishop sleeves. Soft jet ball trimmings hang from the corded edges of black silk basques and on some light-colored tablieres and bodices graduated velvet spots from the size of a half dollar to that of a five cent bit, are deftly sewn. They are made of moulds covered with velvet. Another graceful style which is winning favor slowly is the Louis XV. coat, with its deep pieces set on to the basque and its neat double breast and chemisette. Some other coats have the deep rolling collar braided, which continues in revers to the lower hem of the coat, and others again have a deep waistcoat of passementerie. In travelling gowns I saw a neat princess robe of checked wool, light, yet sufficiently warm, and a dark gray sheath skirt with a Louis XV. coat and a trim gray felt hat. Gradually sleeves are growing and some are loose and long to a marvel.

*

On Thursday of last week the Northern Congregational church was crowded with friends assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Lizzie McIntosh, only daughter of Mr. Andrew McIntosh of this city, and Dr. J. B. Gamble, B.A., of Jarvis, Ont. Members of the choir and congregation had decorated the church with choice flowers, and Rev. John Burton, B.D., was the officiating clergyman. The bride wore a white cloth gown and an embroidered veil and carried a bouquet of white carnations. Miss Wilson, Miss Gamble and Miss Hessin, her bridesmaids, wore cream cashmere with daffodil velvet trimmings. Their bouquets were of yellow roses and they wore pearl brooches, the gift of the groom. Dr. Gamble was supported by Drs. Peters, Chambers and Dawson. The reception at the paternal residence, 30 North street, gave many the opportunity of admiring the bridal presents and offering hearty congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Gamble. Among the handsome gifts were some from the choir and the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the church, the members of which greatly regret losing Mrs. Gamble from their midst. The Dr. and his bride have gone to Jarvis, where they will in future reside.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Genereux were At Home Friday evening of last week. A large number of friends betook themselves to the handsome residence on Spadina avenue and spent an exceedingly pleasant evening. I hear that the music and the dancing room vied with each other for perfection and that the supper was something unusually tempting. Among those present were Ald. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Dr. and Mrs. Field, Mr. and Mrs. B. Lloyd, the Misses Shore, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. H. Lloyd, Miss Laura Harper, Mr. Keating, Miss Erie V. Wiggins of Bay City, Mr. J. A. Wright, Miss K. Bertram, Mr. H. Jones, Mrs. Nelles, the Misses Pringle, Mr. J. A. McDougall, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Claude Macdonell, Mr. Thornton, Miss Minnie Macdougall, Mr. F. Jones, Miss E. Wells, Mr. James Munsie, Miss B. Williamson, Mr. C. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pieper.

*

Mr. A. Maxwell Lyon was married in Philadelphia, on April 2, to Miss Mabel Saul. Mr. Lyon is a son of the late Robertson E. Lyon, a nephew of the late Judge Lyon of Ottawa.

*

Mrs. H. V. Temple has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Vansittart, in Barrie.

*

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Lennox celebrated their silver wedding at 40 Beaconsfield avenue last Saturday evening. A large company assembled to offer their congratulations.

*

A politically inclined friend informs me that there is a general desire in Toronto to see the Hon. John Beverley Robinson reappointed governor of Ontario on the expiry of Sir Alexander Campbell's term of office.

*

Mr. Edward Blake has gone west on railroad affairs. His trip extends to the Pacific coast.

*

Mr. Clive Talbot Jaffray, once an employee of the Merchants' Bank here, latterly assistant cashier of the Northwestern National Bank, Minneapolis, was married to Miss Madeleine Palmer, at All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, Wednesday of last week. The bride wore white *crepe de chine*, and departed from the orthodox orange blossoms in favor of white lilacs and pink roses. Another feature of this original wedding was the absence of bridesmaids, Miss Palmer, leaning on her father's arm, being escorted to the altar by a little page. Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray will make their home in Minneapolis.

*

Mr. J. Sherlock Hubbard and family return to India next week. The Rosedale Lawn Tennis Club will mourn Mr. Hubbard's departure as he is an adept with the racquet.

*

A delightful concert was given by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Adamson and others at the Asylum on Wednesday evening.

*

A pretty fashion at a recent modish wedding was shown by the bridesmaids who, instead of the time-honored bouquet, basket or horseshoe carried tambourines of flowers hung from the arm, on which, in the prevailing colors of their own costumes, the initials of the bride and groom were interwoven. One would have to eschew purple or mauve lest the trophies suggested more sinister ideas than are suitable to these presumably joyful occasions.

*

Major-General Herbert and his *aide de camp*, Capt. Streatfield, were in town this week.

*

Mr. A. R. Paget of the Bank of Montreal left on Wednesday afternoon for Brockville. Previous to his departure he was presented with a handsome testimonial by his confrerer in Toronto.

*

La derniere reunion des Hiboux avait lieu Samedi, dans l'elegant demeure de Mlle Brown, rue Jarvis. Grace a l'entrain d'une membre du Cercle, les heures ont semble des minutes, et c'est avec le plus grand chagrin que l'on s'est separe. La soiree a ete remplie par des Tableaux vivants, representant les emotions diverses que peuvent eprouver les humains, surtout les femmes. Tous les figurants se sont couverts de gloire. La prochaine reunion aura lieu chez Mlle Rogers 107 Avenue Road.

*

The many friends of Mrs. Bignell of Beverley street will be glad to learn that she has recovered from a severe attack of La Grippe. Mrs. Bignell's indisposition was particularly unfortunate, as it prevented her from taking her part of Celia in the Harmony Club's presentation of Iolanthe. Happily an able substitute was found in Miss Parsons, under whose clever handling the character lost none of its brightness, though Miss Parsons had only short notice to complete her study.

*

Dr. Ainslie P. Ardagh after spending a few days in town, has gone to Edinburgh for a year's study.

*

At the St. George's Society service in St. James last Sunday afternoon, Miss Reynolds and Miss Bonsall, who sang the duet, Quis est Homo from the Stabat Mater, were vested in the orthodox surplices and black velvet caps. As theirs was the first appearance in Canada of vested lady choristers (although such a departure has been accepted in England and in the United States), a description of the vestments will be interesting to Toronto people. The black dress is covered by a fine lawn surplice reaching within ten inches of the ground, long angel sleeves fulled on the shoulders, the neck high and finished with a turned down collar. The cap is made of a circular piece gathered into a plain band, something similar to the well known Tam O'Shanter. The whole effect is so churchly and dignified that there is no doubt ladies' vested choirs will in a few years be a more common sight than at present.

*

I enjoyed some of the choruses at the Vocal Society concert very much and, as I always do, took great delight in Mr. Jarvis's singing. His voice has a freshness and flavor of youth that commands my mature and envious admiration. What a splendid audience enjoyed all the sweetness of that concert!

*

King street, 10 a.m. Wednesday. Gentleman of the Vocal Society—Ah, ha! We got an encore. What was the reason you didn't?

Lady of the Vocal Society—Go away! You're too mean for anything.

*

Madame de Vere's gown illustrated a style that is the very most becoming to beauty which has quantity as well as quality. The soft material fell into such classic and graceful folds, and was soft and full without being bunchy.

*

By the way, don't you like those soft bareges and foulardes? We shall see some sweet gowns presently from the hands of the ladies of the school of dressmaking. One saw the light the other evening at the French Club and the admiration it evoked called forth that very same modest little drooping of the head sideways and that small smiling whisper, "Yes, isn't it nice. I made it all myself," that I noticed some time ago.

*

Rev. W. F. Wilson of Woodgreen Methodist church was married on Wednesday to Millie, only daughter of Mr. A. B. Smith of Queen street east. The congregation gathered in great numbers, reinforced by many friends from the city to witness the marriage of their popular pastor. Lovely weather, plentiful floral decorations and rich costumes combined to add *eclat* to the happy occasion.

*

The bride wore a fawn-colored broadcloth suit, and was preceded by two little maids, Lillie Taylor and Gertie Radcliffe in white dresses and buttercup sashes and carrying baskets of roses. For these little maids waited two little men, Masters Tom Taylor and Elvin Smith. The bridesmaids were the Misses Emma Wilson and Mamie Bowes. Professor Torrington presided at the organ. The wedding breakfast was spread in the parlors of the church and was a credit to our good caterer Webb. Among others seated round the tables were: Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Rev. Dr. Shaw, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Rev. W. J. Barkwell, Rev. G. N. Rutledge, Rev. H. S. Matthews, Sheriff Broddy of Brampton, Dr. and Mrs. Charlton of Weston, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Ald. J. E. Verral, Ald. Stewart, Dr. Rowan, Dr. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson of Jamestown, Mr. W. Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kinnear, Mrs. McNilly of Weston, Miss Duggan of Brampton, Mr. and Miss Mulholland, Mr. and Mrs. Blong, Miss Blong, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff, Mr. and Mrs. Beattie, Mr. H. McGee, Miss Glover, Mr. A. and the Misses Shaw, the Misses Holmes, Mr. E. Schoff, Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Lunness, Mr. R. Hutty, the Misses Wilson, Miss Moffatt, Mrs. and Miss Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. T. Peers, Mr. and Mrs. Gadsby, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, Mr. H. A. E. Kent and Mr. Ambrose Kent.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have gone for the honeymoon on a visit to the leading American cities, and on their return will reside in the Woodgreen parsonage. I am told that Mr. Wilson expects this summer to be transferred to the McCaul street church.

*

Mr. J. A. Duncan, of Hickson, Duncan & Co., has gone south for his health.

*

Mr. John F. Ellis, managing director of the Manufacturers' Life and Accident Insurance Company, left New York on April 23 by the S.S. Majestic for a well earned vacation of two months.

*

The Sheridan Dramatic Club of this city have been for some days past rehearsing the three act society comedy On Guard, and will at an early date produce it under the patronage of the Q. O. Rifles in one of the opera houses. Miss Bunting and Miss May Walker take the ladies' parts, whilst the gentlemen in the cast are Messrs. Douglas Armour, Willie Macdonell, Stuart Morrison, Vaux Chadwick, McGregor Young and Harry Boddy. It is expected this will be a first-class performance.

*

Mr. Eugene O'Keefe gave a dinner on Wednesday, March 15, at his residence, in honor of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. The *menu* and floral decorations were of the choicest description and reflected the greatest credit on the caterer, Mr. Harry Webb. Among those invited to meet His Grace were: His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony, Vicar-General Rooney, Vicar-General McCann, Dean Harris of St. Catharines, Dean Cassidy, Rev. Father Teefy, Rev. Father Walsh, Rev. Father La Marche, Rev. Father Hand, Judge McMahon, Judge Falconbridge, Mayor E. F. Clarke, Hon. F. Smith, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Capt. Law, Mr. C. Moss, Q.C., Mr. Wm. Mulock, Q.C., M.P., Rev. Father Kenny, S.I., Major Gray, C.E., Major Mason, Mr. D. Miller, Mr. Widmer Hawke, Mr. W. G. Warner, C.E., Mr. Wilfred O'Keefe, Mr. Edward O'Connor, Dr. Cassidy, Mr. Thomas Long, Dr. E. Graham, Mr. Hugh Ryan, Mr.

(Continued on page Eleven.)

Paris Kid Glove Store

Felice Paris

JUST ARRIVED

4-Bt. Swede Gloves

In all the newest shades.

Mosquitaire Swede Gloves

Pearl Grey, Heliotrope, Buttercup and New Mode shades.

GLACE GLOVES, for Ladies and Misses

Special Lines in Gentlemen's Gloves for Riding and Walking

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto

SOME people have got the idea that because the New Scale Dominion Piano is such a beautiful toned instrument it is necessarily high in price. No such thing. It is because the Piano is so reasonable in price, considering its wonderful tone qualities, its beauty of design and finish, that so many are sold. Time and again people tell us that they hear no other piano of any make with such a liquid singing tone as our New Scale Pianos possess. If you are at all interested in pianos call on us if only through curiosity.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.

Warerooms—88 King Street West

HOUSEKEEPERS

Polish Your Furniture

WITH

Housekeepers' Brilliantine

The best Furniture Polish ever sold.

Free Samples. Regular Size, 25c.

TO BE HAD AT

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY, WITH dressing and smoking rooms, is available for "Private Balls," "At Homes," "Receptions." Rent—Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35. Apply GEO. C. DOWNES, at the Gallery.

TAKE THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD

SS. LINE

FOR EUROPE

S.S. AURANIA, APRIL 25

W. A. GEDDES - - Agent

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

THE BEST ROOMS ON ATLANTIC STEAMERS

ARE SOLD IN APRIL. Secure Yours NOW

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Gen. S.S. and R.R. Agt., 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

N. G. LLOYD S. S. LINE

Fast route to Southampton, London, and Continent.

Patronized by those who desire comfort with excellence

Immediate application is absolutely necessary in order to obtain berths on East-bound and West-bound passages during the traveling season.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

HOUSES—Furnished and Unfurnished TO RENT OR FOR SALE

At Center and West Island. Apply to

DENISON & DENISON, 60½ Adelaide St. East.

FASHIONABLE NOTE PAPERS

ANTIQUE TAFFETA CHECK

In Silver, Gray, Rose, Helio and Azure. Envelopes to match.

SAMPLE PACKAGE 50c., POST FREE

CRESTS AND MONOGRAMS EMBOSSED

JAMES BAIN & SON, Society Stationers, Toronto

Between You and Me.

ALTHOUGH ocean travel is the rule and not the exception among our experiences nowadays, still there are, in this vernal season, a few greenhorns, who have never known the sweet upheaval of the bosom of Mother Ocean, nor felt the quick responsive thrill of their own interior economy. Such an one has written me a plaintive little request, and in response appears this paragraph in my Boudoir chat. "Please tell me what to take, and what to leave behind!" runs the mild tenor of the communication, and I shall try and answer in that particular vein.

Take time with your packing, don't leave any social duties or gowns or plans to be huddled into the last week before starting. Take a steamer trunk filled with warm winter underwear, cosy clinging skirts, thick stockings, and something soft and warm and pretty to wear on your head. One sees guys enough, and discomfort enough on board an ocean steamer without your undertaking to contribute. Remember, it is cool at sea, and the drafts on the speeding ship would break the Bank of England.

Coquettish hoods are a blessing, so are quaint bonnets of quilted silk or white flannel, so is a thick veil if *mal demer* should give you that sweet greenish-mauve tint of complexion which sometimes befalls one. The most fetching headgear I ever saw on deck was a little cream serge flannel sunbonnet; the light-hearted New York girl who wore it had patterned it after one worn by her grandmother in early Puritan days. Of course such conceits soar beyond the commonplace, but why shouldn't *les belles Canadiennes* soar as high? A warm "assassinator," as I heard a small girl call that piece of feminine wickedness worn by pretty girls as a *Sortie de bal*, is a great comfort to the aching head, and one can cuddle its long ends cosily round one's neck and defy those chilly little steamship draughts.

•

Above all things have large light, warm, rugs and a comfortable lounging chair, one you can lie down in, with a small bolster covered with cotton. If you should be seedy you will appreciate such comforts, and if you are a good sailor you can joyfully play the good Samaritan and live in the odor of grateful admiration. I am sure nine out of ten seasick people suffer a great deal more than they need, simply because they get chilled. A warm loose sack to wear under your fur circular will be another unobtrusive blessing, and when the bad days are over and you begin to hunger and thirst and look about you, throw aside the sack and don your trim wadded blue serge waist and brace up and be a lady!

•

Oh! I nearly forgot the tea! Never again, as I am a true woman, will I cross the briny deep without a pound of good tea and a Japanese basket teapot. For, disguise it as one may, the tea of the ship is awful And don't we all know the superior excellence of the tea from our own teapot? The woman with the teapot and the tin box of macaroons is queen of the promenade deck, at least once in every twenty-four hours, *verbum sap.* And then dear madam, if you can find a corner in the shallow steamer trunk, put in your knitting. That dreary lazy mechanical work goes to a marvel with a lounging chair and the cosy corner behind the forward life-boat.

•

My gentle correspondent asks me what to leave behind! This applies more to your comfort after you land in the unexplored beyond the seas, for on the heaving ocean you may be seized with the hallucination that you've left everything behind except your nerves and your nausea. Well, frankly, leave first of all your prejudices, they are the most troublesome travelling companions, hindering, checking, thwarting your eager enquiring soul and warping your judgment; leave your decent transatlantic reserve and prudishness, then you will be more on an equal ground with the men and women who make your hair stand up and your cheeks redden with their perfect innocent and unintentional awfulness. Then unless you intend visiting where you will be entertained, leave your jewelry, it is out of place anywhere but in a private house, and my soul has been sad within me to see my compatriots blazing with diamonds at a *table d'hote*, or an opera. It is one of their most vulgar weaknesses. I don't dare to say leave your guide books, though no one can thoroughly enjoy herself with a Badaker, but if you are not utterly enslaved as to time leave your plans to mature as you go. A cut-and dried itinerancy is as yesterday's beer! And whatever you take or leave behind, see that you take an unfailing store of good nature. So shall you lose trains and not fuss, and see rain coming on Dame Nature's Sunday clothes and not repine; so shall you gather up friends like flowers by the way, and your name shall recall to them always all the brightness and the sweetness of womanhood. Don't waste your time writing letters. Do not promise to do so! But if you must promise, break your word with a clear conscience. Send a postal card every day, if you will, and keep a methodical record of your sightseeing and travelling—every evening. It will sing you songs of the faraway in many a dull hour of your after life. Pick up little souvenirs of Rhine stones, scraps of Dresden or Bohemian or Venetian brittleness, quaint Prague pigs for mission boxes, dainty carved wood trays for biscuits or cards, wondrously cheap silver spoons, one from each city, with the city's name thereon. Oh, dear! Now that I have packed you up and started you off I am so envious of you, happy traveller, that I can't write another line! May you see it all rose color! May you never faint nor be weary under Limburger cheese or customs regulations. Go! Be happy in the highways and byways of the Old World, and prithee come back with vision broadened, with heart enlarged, with mind enlightened that we all may be the better for you.

•

A horrible suspicion seizes me as I conclude that sentence, and on reading it over I realize that my remarks and advice are wholly devoted to feminine travellers. And I can't remember whether my correspondent was a man or a woman, and I have a cold conviction that it was a man! Well, barring the teapot and the knitting and the sun bonnet, I don't know that there are any awful *mal apropos!* All the warm clothing, and in addition half a dozen paper-covered books, racy and light; a soft Tam O'Shanter cap that can be day cap or night cap as the case may be; the snug lined gloves (hands get very chilly on deck); a fountain pen, some playing cards, and unfailing energy and gallantry; rather a mixed up catalogue but I say, as the Fleet street parson said after marrying hocus pocus a dozen couples, "They can sort themselves."

•

An amusing memory comes to me of a thin-faced, shrewd-looking Yankee clergyman with whom I once had the pleasure of making friends, and who enjoyed or board ship the distinction of being the boss tucker-up. He used to walk along the decks where various mummy-like females lay helpless in their deck chairs, and one by one he used to unfold their swathing rugs and readjust them in a scientific and draught-defying manner. We used to call to him in commanding tones as soon as he came in sight, and he always performed his self-imposed duties with the greatest satisfaction, remarking, as he gave the last poke to the fold over our feet, "Guess you're fixed comfortable now!"

•

I was reading a very spicy and interesting article a few days ago on men usurping women's work. It was quite a relief to find the shoe on the other foot for once! There is a tide setting that way, I notice, when I read of the young bachelors Miss Nancie in New York society who give tea parties and wash their own china and are *connoisseurs* in damask and window drapes, and when one tells you that not only Chinamen are the best washermen, and that not only Worth devotes a masculine brain to dressmaking. The cookstove has many masculine professors and yet we don't hear women shrieking that they are usurpers, and heavy work on the sewing machine calls for fresh men workers, day by day. Housecleaning, too, when undertaken by the contractors, who are men, is all done, and beautifully done, by men. On board ships all servants but the stewardesses are men and in large boarding houses lately the chamber work is largely done by men. So let us stop the protesting and the wailing at the girls and women who are so capable of filling what are called men's situations by remarking that a like raid is being made upon purely feminine occupations by the sterner sex. It is a time-honored saying that "Exchange is no robbery."

LADY GAY.

Peleg Jones's Baby.

I had some errants to the store,
Some truck my wife had sent fur,
And while I stood a figgerin' out
The list of things I'd went fur,
I heard the wimmin gossipin'—
"You've heard it 'fore me, maybe—
But shif'less Peleg Jones's wife
Has got another baby."

I tho't, as I come drivin' home
Past Peleg Jones's cabin,
Where young uns swarmed around the door,
And wimmin stood a blabbin',
That, tho' I'm powerful fond o' kids,
It's most a pity, maybe,
That shif'less Peleg Jones's wife
Has got another baby.

And as it come when I got home,
Of Jones I still was thinkin',
And how his wife had clung to him—
Him, worthless and a drinkin',
I hollered "wife, I've got some news,
You'll call it bad news, maybe,
But shif'less Peleg Jones's wife
Has got another baby."

Now don't it seem a trifle queer,
That folks like us who wan't 'em,
Have nary child, while they have—well
You're most afraid to count 'em?
We've hoped and prayed fur thirty year,
We wan't deservin', maybe;
So shif'less Peleg Jones's wife
Has got another baby!

MARIE MOORE MARSH.

A Nice Distinction.

Not long since a lady called on Mose Schaumburg, to find out if a colored woman, who had formerly been a servant at his house, was honest, she having given him as a reference.

"She vas honest, too honest to suit me, put she vas not reliable."

"How in the world can that be?"

"Vell, you day I leaves a five-tollar pill on de floor, and I dells Matildy to sweep dot room out. I shoost vant to see if she keep dot pill."

"Well, did she keep the bill?"

"No, she brings me dot pill pack."

"That looks very much as if she was reliable."

"No, she vas not reliable, for dot pill vas counterfeit, and I relied on her taking dot pill, in vich case I would never have paid her dot twenty dollars vat I owed her for wages; put she's fooled me py bringing me dot pad pill pack, so I cannot say she vas reliable, but maybe she vas honest."

Choice Cut Roses

Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

S. TIDY & SON
THE FLORISTS
164 Yonge Street - Toronto
Tel. — Greenhouses, 3057; Store, 2089

PHONOGRAPH DOLLS REPAIRED
House and Stable Telephones
TORONTO ELECTRICAL WORKS
35 Adelaide Street West

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

INDICATIONS point to a large silk sale the present season. Of course a silk dress costs more than a print or even a cashmere. But what lady considers her wardrobe complete without at least one silk dress?

This consideration also comes in when buying a silk, the quality needs to be beyond question or disappointment will certainly follow. Be counselled by this store, never buy a dress outside of a thoroughly reliable store. You may be offered a silk at seemingly a cheap rate—the tail end perhaps of a bankrupt stock. You do not go to a jewelery faker for a gold watch, unless you're anxious to be duped.

This store has an unquestioned reputation for silks. Stocks always fresh, our own importations. Bought as few know how to buy, the prices are an astonishment to anyone who knows the value of silks. Take our opening of the present week—a Black Bengaline which we have marked $1. You'll go from one store to another and $1.50 will be the price asked.

Black Moire Silk, 40c. China Silks, 25c.
Black Surah Silks, 50c. China Washing Silks, 35c.
Black Satin Merv 40c. Colored Satin Merv, 35c.

A remarkable offering this season is a Black Gros Grain Silk at 55c. yard, easily worth 85c. —a hint, etc. You know.

R. SIMPSON'S
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178, Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

Babies and Children

We make a specialty of photographing small children and babies. A trial will convince you that we excel in that line.

J. C. WALKER & CO.
PHOTOGRAPHERS
Studio—Cor. Yonge and Temperance Streets

FRENCH FRUITS

Just received at the leading grocery store of
The G. W. Shaver Co., Ltd.
Telephone for what you want. These goods are very fine.
244 Yonge Street, 2 Louisa Street
Telephone 1850

A SHOE DEALER'S SUCCESS
Depends upon his ability to please his customers.
Ladies throughout the land who have worn our Oxford Ties insist upon having them again. Call and see our new spring stock before purchasing elsewhere.
L. A. STACKHOUSE
427 Yonge Street

MISS SULLIVAN
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET
Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

Armson & Stone
THE LATEST IN
MILLINERY
JUST DELIVERED
Choice Flowers of every shade and varying design. Elegant Silk and Tissel Laces to match the new goods; and new shapes, flat as can be, and as new in design as the latest fashions demand. Leave your orders at once.
212 YONGE STREET

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Grand, Upright and Square
PIANOFORTES
TORONTO — 107-109 Church Street.
MONTREAL — 2344 St. Catharines Street.
OTTAWA — 68 Bank Street.
Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto

GERMAN. FRENCH. SPANISH
THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL
OF MODERN LANGUAGES
NATURAL METHOD BY NATIVE TEACHERS
TORONTO: Canada Life Building.
MONTREAL: Northeimer Block, 307 St James St.
DIFFERENT BRANCHES:
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Winnipeg, Man. Brantford, Ont. Kingston, Ont. Ottawa, Ont. Bangor, Me. Calais, Me. Yarmouth, N. S. And other cities.
Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Couteillier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.
Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.
Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

WHAT WE DO!

There has never been a time when rubber goods looked so well and wore so badly. The trouble is: Tons of goods are manufactured with a sole regard to a cheap price, and the public loses. Here's a store that started out to sell only the best and make prices low enough to warrant your buying none other. Every kind of rubber thing that has a use from Overshoes and Mackintoshes to Druggists' Supplies and Household Sundries. You should know more about us.

GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE
12 King Street West

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge St., Toronto

SPRING OPENING OF HATS

We have just received our large stock of Spring Hats in all the fashionable shapes and shades, comprising all the celebrated English and American makers---Woodson, Battersby, Woodrows and William Carrick & Sons latest London Hats.

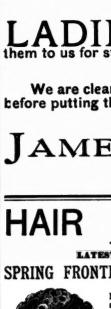
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Edward Miller's Celebrated New York Hats
Styles correct, in Silk and Felt

LADIES—Preserve your Furs during the summer months from moths, dampness and fire by sending them to us for storage. Receipts are given and charges reasonable.

We are clearing out the balance of our Fur Stock at a great sacrifice before putting them away.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

HAIR GOODS
LATEST STYLES IN
SPRING FRONTPIECES AND BANGS



A most convenient article for ladies to wear during the hot season, for going across the ocean, for traveling or seaside. Saves trouble and time, and decidedly improves appearance.

Ladies should not fail to procure one of those natural, curly, light and handsome little Fronts.

Prices are from $2, $4, $5, $6 to $10, according to size and styles.

Specialty in Long Hair Switches, wavy or straight; 50 stamps inside for dressing the hair low, from $3 to $20, according to length and quality. *Also separate hair 5 inches for dressing the hair in coils.*

LADIES — Hair Dressing for Soirees, Concerts, Photos, etc.

Ladies' Hair Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, at store or at ladies' own residences.

TELEPHONE No. 2468

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR successfully removed with CAPILLERINE and the growth destroyed by following the treatment with CAPILLERINE. Price $1.50; sent by post, securely sealed, $1.55, to any part of Canada.

TRANCLE-ARMAND, Coiffeur-Parfumeur
407 Yonge St. 407, Toronto, Ont., Can.

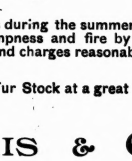
DORENWEND'S

Is the Leading House for Fashionable
HAIR GOODS
The latest and most
ARTISTIC STYLES
In Wigs, Bangs, Switches, etc.
Largest, Best and Cheapest Stores in the Dominion.
Finest Hair Dressing Rooms on the Continent.
Telephone 1551
105 Yonge St.
Send for circular.

WHY PAY
10, 15, 20 or 25 per cent. more than necessary for
DIAMONDS
WATCHES
SILVERWARE
AND FINE JEWELRY
WHEN
You can save one of the above percentages by dealing with
DAVIS BROS.
130 Yonge Street 130

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
ALSO
Examinations—Oral or Written
231 McCaul Street - - - Toronto

$5000 IN PRIZES to those who make the greatest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST." 589 prizes, ranging from $1 to $1000 in gold. Open until May 29, 1891 (15 days allowed after May 29 for letters to reach us from distant points). Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.



WHITE CHINA FOR DECORATING
New Glassware
Dresden China Shells and Baskets
The latest Table Decorations.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
109 King St. West - - Toronto

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CROMPTON CORSET CO.

THE LITTLE GEM POCKET DIME SAVINGS BANK

Is the greatest novelty of the age. Everybody should have one. It will only take 10c. pieces, holds exactly $5, and cannot be opened until the full amount has been deposited. Sent free by mail on receipt of

25 Cents

In cash or postage stamps. Address—

P. C. ALLAN
35 King Street West, Toronto

The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

uthor of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXI.

"COMPARE DEAD HAPPINESS WITH LIVING WOR."

After that one evening's hospitable entertainment Mr. Jermyn considered himself free of the Rosary. He dropped in at any hour he liked, and always brought cheerfulness with him. He joined Hester and Gerard in their long, lazy mornings in the punt, discussed their books, old and new, seeming to know every book that had ever made its mark in the world, and to remember, as few readers remember. Gerard was certainly the gayer for his company, and listened with interest to an account of the visitors on the Pegotty, where Matt Muller received a society that could only be described as mixed. Happily the Pegotty was berthed at a distance of ten miles, and the painter's Bohemian guests rarely went over a mile beyond her moorings.

All the dreamy seriousness that had tinctured Hester and Gerard's long dialogue evaporated in the presence of Justin Jermyn, like the mist wreaths that float upward from the riverside meadows under the broadening sunshine. The greatest problems in life and time were touched as lightly by Jermyn as the slightest nothings of tea-table gossip. It was impossible to be earnest in the society of a man for whom existence was a jest and the Epicurean's luxury the supreme good below the stars.

"If I ever contemplate another world, it appears to me as a planet in which there is perpetual summer; a place where there are no bad cooks, and where the fowls of the air have no legs," he said, with his joyous laugh, when Hester pleaded for that last forlorn hope of man's progressive existence somewhere, somehow.

Mr. Gilstone called twice at the Rosary during these halcyon days at the beginning of October, only to find that Mr. and Mrs. Hanley were out on the river. Gerard treated the rector's cards aside with a contemptuous laugh on the second time of finding them on the hall table.

"What pushing rascals these parsons are," he exclaimed. "This fellow calls twice in ten days, instead of taking offence at my neglect. Wants money out of me for his schools or his coal club, no doubt. Well, the parson's life is not a happy life, as I know by home experience, and I'll reward his peritinacity with a comfortable cheque."

Hester turned red, and then pale at the sight of the rector's cards.

"He may not want money," she faltered.

"May not! My dearest, he is a priest. The priest who doesn't go for your purse is a *rara avis* that I don't expect to find along this river."

"He may wish to see you."

"Then his wish shall remain ungratified. I am not going to let the world into our paradise by the thin end of the clerical wedge."

"You need not fear the world," Hester answered, with the first touch of bitterness that Gerard had heard in any speech of hers. "People know that there is something wrong in our lives. They have all held themselves aloof."

"The voice is the voice of my poetic Hester, but the words are the words of the Philistine," said Gerard, lightly, as he left her.

She stood looking at the rector's cards, lying far apart where Gerard's caprice had had flung them. She felt that she had offended the man whom she loved better than all the world besides. Oh, fool, self-conscious fool, to care for what that hard cold outsider would think or say of her. Whatever sacrifice she had made, was it not enough reward to have made him happy, him for whom life was so brief, who had need to crowd into a few years the love and gladness which for other men may be spread over the slowly-drifting years, making a little spot of color and light here and there on the dull gray woof of a monotonous existence.

The rector called for a third time, and this time met the master of the house at the hall door.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilstone. Pray step inside my den here," said Gerard, throwing aside his hat. "I am ashamed that you should have troubled to pay me a third visit. I was on the point of sending you a cheque."

"I have not asked you for any money, Mr. Hanley," answered the rector gravely, seating himself in the proffered chair, and looking round the room with the shrewd and observant glance of eyes that have been looking at things for sixty-six years.

There was nothing in the cottage parlor, transformed into a study, to indicate dissipated habits; none of the slovenliness of the Bohemian idler. Many books, flowers everywhere, an all-pervading neatness distinguished the apartment.

"You have not asked me! No, no," said Gerard, lightly, "but I know that in an agricultural parish there must be a good deal of poverty, and every well-to-do parishioner should pay his quota. Winter is approaching, though we may be beguiled into forgetting all about him in this lovely autumn. I belong to a club of your coal and blanket club, I dare say. Allow me to write you a cheque." He opened a drawer, took out his cheque-book, and dipped his pen in the ink.

"No, Mr. Hanley" said the rector, decisively, "I cannot take your money. I am here to talk to you of something much more precious than money."

"Of my soul, perhaps!" questioned Gerard, his countenance hardening. "I may as well tell you at once, Mr. Gilstone, that I am an unbeliever in the Christian revelation and, indeed, in transcendentalism of all kinds."

"You are a Darwinian, I conclude?"

"No; I am nothing; I neither look before nor after. I want to make the most of life in the present, while it is mine. God knows it is short enough for the longest lived amongst us—and death comes no easier to me, the unit, because I know the universe is working steadily towards the same catastrophe."

"You dread death?" asked the rector.

"Who does not? Contemplate death in whatever form you will, he is the same hideous spectre. Sudden destruction, slow decay! Who shall say which is the more terrible? I come now, Mr. Gilstone, you are not here to talk metaphysics. I say again let me write you a cheque for your schools, your cottage hospitals, your something."

"And I say again, Mr. Hanley, that I cannot take your money."

"Why not?"

"I cannot take money for alms from a man who is living in sin!"

"Oh, that's your drift, is it, sir?" cried Gerard, springing to his feet; "you force yourself into my house in order to insult me!"

"No, Mr. Hanley, I am here in the hope of helping you to mend your life."

"What right have you to suppose that my life needs mending?"

"Say that it is only the shrewdness of an old man who has lived long enough to know something of human nature. Two young people with ample means do not live as you and Mrs. Hanley are living without some reason for their isolation, and in your case I take it the reason is that the lady is not your wedded wife. If that is so, let me, while my relations are still unknown to the world at large, marry you to this young lady, quietly, some morning, with no witness but my sexton and my dear old maiden sister, both of whom know how to keep a secret."

"My dear Mr. Gilstone, you are vastly obliging; but I am really a little amused at your *naïveté*. Do you really forget—suppose I am not legally married to the lady I call my wife—that there are plenty of registrars in England who would marry me to her as quietly as you can, and make no favor of the business."

"I do not ignore the existence of registry offices where any groom in the country may be married to his master's daughter at a day or two's notice; but I think Mrs. Hanley would prefer to stand by your side at the altar, and to be married to you according to the ordinances of the church."

"I do not think Mrs. Hanley has any profound belief in those ordinances. She is satisfied with the knowledge that she possesses my whole heart, and that her love has made me completely happy."

"And you accept her too willing sacrifice of virtue and good name, and reserve to yourself the right of deserting her when you are weary of her."

"You have no right to talk to me in this strain."

"Yes, Mr. Hanley, I have a right—the right of an old man and a parish priest, the right which comes from my deep pity for that innocent-looking girl whom you have made your victim. I have talked with her, and every word she uttered helped to assure me that she was not created to be happy in a life of sin. She is not the kind of woman to accept such a life readily—there must have been more than common art in the seducer who betrayed her

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Gerard passionately. "How dare you pry into the lives of a man and woman whom you see united and happy, who ask nothing from you, neither your friendship nor your countenance, nothing except to be let alone? My wife—the wife of my heart and of my home—the wife I shall never forsake—is satisfied with her position, and neither you nor any one else has the right to interfere in her behalf. Your priesthood involves no privileges for one to whom all creeds are alike mischief-making and superstitious!"

"I have been taught that the men who set aside old creeds have adopted humanitarianism as their religion," said the rector, "but there is not much humanity in your reckless sacrifice of this young lady—who, I say again, was born for better things than to be—anything less honored than your wife."

"You have talked with her?" said Gerard, suddenly, "When and where?"

"I found her in the churchyard one afternoon, and we had a little quiet talk together."

"I understand; just enough to make her unhappy, and absurdly sensitive upon a question which I thought we had settled for ever," retorted Gerard, angrily. "Did she ask you to call upon me? Are you her ambassador?"

"No. She is only too unselfish. You do not look like a scoundrel, Mr. Hanley, and your conduct in this matter is a mystery to me. You are rich, independent. Why should you refuse to legalize a tie which you own has made you happy? Is there any impediment? Are you married already?"

"I have no wife but Hester."

"But you have some reason—?"

"Yes, I have some reason—and as I do not believe in priestcraft or in father-confessors you must pardon me, Mr. Gilstone, if I refuse to explain those reasons to a stranger, however whose sympathy, or whose curiosity, I have not invited.

"Enough, Mr. Hanley. I am sorry for that ill-used young lady, about whose conscience and whose social status you are equally indifferent. If you should alter your determination and make your mind to act as a man of honor you may command me in any way or at any time; but until you do so I shall not again cross your threshold."

"So be it—but pray bear in mind, rector, that you have crossed my threshold unasked, and that you cannot expect me to be appalled at your threat of withholding an acquaintance which I never sought."

He rang for the servant, and himself accompanied the rector to the hall door, where they parted with ceremonious politeness.

He was angry with this stranger's intrusion upon his happiness, and with Hester for having betrayed their secret. She came in from the garden directly after Mr. Gilstone's departure, flustered and flushed, having seen the rector going out at the gate.

For the first time Gerard received her with a frowning brow, and in gloomy silence.

"The rector has been with you," she said, timidly, seating herself in her accustomed nook by the window, where she had her work basket and little book table.

Gerard was slow to answer. She had time to take her work out of the basket, and to put in a few tremulous stitches before he spoke.

"Yes, the rector has been here—an old acquaintance of yours it seems."

"Not very old, Gerard. I have only spoken to him once in my life."

"Only once; and in that once you contrived to make him acquainted with all your grievances."

"Gerard how cruelly you speak. I told him nothing—nothing. He guessed that all was not well—that I was living a life which, in his sight, is a life of sin. Oh, Gerard, don't be hard upon me. I have never worried you with my remorse for my sin and shame, but you know that good old man talked to me so kindly, so gently."

"You played the tearful Magdalen—allowed a bigoted old Pharisee to humiliate you by his pitying patronage—sent him to me to urge me to legalize our union—to legalize, forsooth! As if law ever held love."

"I did not send him to you. I begged him not to interfere."

"You could at least have told me of your conversation with this man, and so prepared me for being sermonized."

"I could not speak of it, Gerard. There are things one cannot speak of."

She bent very low over her work to hide her tears, feeling instinctively that tears would be baneful to him in his present humor. In all the days they had spent together she had kept tears and sadness to herself. For him she had smiled sunshine.

He took two or three impatient turns in the small room, where the cramped space only irritated him.

"Hester, are you tired of me, and our life here?" he asked, stopping suddenly in front of the window by which she was seated.

"Tired! Gerard, you know my life begins and ends with you. I have given up everything else—this world and the next. I have nothing to care about, nothing to hope for but you."

"If I were free to marry you I should need no priestly bidding; but I am not free. I am bound hard and fast by an old tie, which I can not loosen, yet awhile at any rate. I may be able hereafter to free myself—without dishonor or dishonesty—but not yet.

"Do not speak of it, Gerard. I have asked nothing of you. Mr. Gilstone believed himself he had a duty to do. He has done it. That is all."

Her gentle patience touched him. He seated himself by her side, took the work out of the unsteady hands which were only spoiling it, and drew her to his heart.

"You are only too good to me, Hester," he said. "Let us be happy, dearest, happy in spite of the conventionalities, happy as Shelley and his Mary were, in the beginning of their union, before the law had set its seal upon the bond of love. Some day the law may seal our marriage—but it will make the bond no stronger."

He had not forgotten what the rector had said of her. Yes, she was of the stuff of which wives are made. She was not the kind of woman to accept degradation easily. And then he told himself that there was no degradation in their union, that he was a fool to consider the world's opinion, or be influenced by the narrow views of a village parson.

After that day there was no word spoken by either Gerard or Hester of the rector's visit. He came no more to the Rosary, nor did any one else in the parish call upon the new comers. Perhaps the involuntary look of distress in Mr. Gilstone's countenance, when Mr. and Mrs. Hanley were again discussed at a village tea-drinking, may have confirmed his parishioners in their suspicions of evil. The old speculations were repeated, the old conclusion was reiterated, to the effect that people who did not desire to be visited or to visit must be innately bad, and the rector held his peace. He started a new subject and even affected not to know that anyone had been talking about the Hanleys. He was sore at heart when he thought of that lovely and refined young creature, before whom the future seemed so dark an outlook.

For Hester the world was not quite what it had been before her conversation with the rector. An unspeakable sadness stole over her spirits when she remembered the bitter shame of that hour in which she found herself face to face with an orthodox follower of the Gospel, and saw her position as he saw it in his eyes. A gnawing remorse had fastened upon her heart. She looked back with sick regret to the days of poverty and hard labor, and the long walks through the arid streets, to the long hours at her sewing machine, to all the little domestic cares that had been needed to eke out scanty resources and make her father's life comfortable. Gladly would she have gone back to the drudgery could she have been as she was then—without fear or regret—for the plethora of wealth in which she lived—the flowers, the frivolities, the wastefulness which she had no power to control, shocked and pained her. She felt like an Indian wife in some gorgeous zenana—helpless, hopeless, irresponsible. The fact that her future was amply provided for, a fact of which Gerard had assured her in the most delicate manner, gave her no satisfaction. She could not conceive the possibility of life then he was gone.

She bore her burden in silence. He for whom she had sacrificed religion and good name never knew of those long watches of the night in which her thoughts were full of sadness. He never saw her tears or heard her complain of all that was painful in her position at the Rosary. The lovely autumn days drew by, the harmony in red and gold and russet, which had made the autumnal woods lovelier than summer foliage, gradually faded in the dull gray of winter. At every breath of the wind the dead leaves came gently showering down, with sound as faint as a snowfall, and all the upper branches of beech and elm were bare, while here and there some sturdy oak still spread boughs of red or gold against the iron sky.

The days were short and far too cold for idle hours upon the river. Scarcely had the wintry sun slopped toward the westward curve of the reedy shore when the pale mist of night began to creep over the meadows and along the river, until it slowly rose and wrapped house and garden in one dense cloud. Hester's constant care guarded Gerard from those river fogs with strictest watchfulness, for had he not told her his South's poor opinion of his lungs. Thus the long evenings might have hung heavily upon them both had they not both been students, for whom the longest hours would be none too short for the unexplored, inexhaustible world of books. To study the catalogues of booksellers, to read the advertisements of new books in the *Athenæum* and to order every book that took his fancy, made one unfailing source of amusement for Gerard Hillersdon, and well it was that these dealings, old ambitions revived. He would write a novel—he would write that narrative poem which had been simmering in his mind for years, that story in verse which was to have all the depth of Browning and all the delicacy of Tennyson, all the dash, wit, and chic of Swinburne, with all the sweetness of Longfellow, a poem which, if it succeeded, should mark a new era in poetry.

He loved to talk of his unrealized dreams, and Hester loved to listen. Thus the wintry evenings were seldom too long, and Hester, seeing him happy, felt that her sacrifice had not been in vain, and told herself again and again that her own feelings, her own existence were as nothing when weighed against his content.

He went up to London one bright October day and saw Dr. South, who expressed himself almost cheerfully.

"You have been taking life easily," he said, "and the result is all I could wish—more than I hoped. Your heart is better, your lungs are stronger. We cannot give you a new heart, but we can make the old one wear much longer than I thought possible the last time I saw you. Frankly, you were in a very bad way just then."

Gerard heard this verdict with delight. So far from being tired of this world he had a greed of life. He could contemplate old age with calmness. That season which, to the mind of youth, is ordinarily a jest and yet a horror, had for him no terrors. He could contemplate long years of luxurious repose in that palace of art which he had built for himself, and to which every year of declining life would bring new treasures. He could think of himself seated among his books, his statues, pictures, gems, curios; white-haired, white-bearded, with all the hoarded wisdom of a long life; a man to whom young men should come as they went to Protogoras, to hear golden words of philosophy. Fate had given him all he gold which can buy such an old age as this. He thought of Samuel Rogers, of Stirling Maxwell—men who seem to have lived and drunk the wine of life to the lees, and yet to have found no bitterness in the cup; and he saw before him the possibility of a life as perfect as, could but the last hour be left out. That was the one all-absorbing desire—to keep the bond intact between consciousness and existence without which he had been taught to believe consciousness must cease to be.

He went back to the Rosary after that interview with Dr. South, happier than he had been for some time. He felt his youth renewed, the shadow of impending doom removed from his path. He was more than ever devoted to Hester. He told her the doctor's opinion, and kissed away her tears of joy.

* * * * * *

In Devonshire there had been some anxiety about him. Mr. and Mrs. Hillersdon had returned from a long stay at Royat and a delightful tour in the South-west of France. They were now installed at the rectory where Mrs. Hillersdon was occupied with preparations for her marriage.

"Mother is very disappointed to hear that you are not coming to us before Christmas," wrote Lilias. "She wants to thank you for all the pleasure your money has afforded her and father, and to tell you how great and luxurious our travels were made by your generous gift. For my part I have worlds to tell you, and I shall be unhappy till we meet. We stayed three days in town for father to see his old friends at the clubs and to dine with some clerical bigwigs, and for mother and me to do our shopping, which was tremendous. We went on the very first morning to Hillersdon House, and it was a blow to find that he had not been there or likely to be there for an indefinite time. Your servants were rather mysterious about you—servants love mystery, don't they? Your paragon housekeeper was at Brighton, your butler had gone for an airing in the Park. The footman did not know your address, but told me in the most condescending way that letters addressed to be forwarded to you; so I live in the hope that you will receive this letter somewhere, by land or sea, in a shooting lodge in the Highlands, or on a Norwegian lake.

"I am very unhappy about that poor girl in whose fate you were as much—or almost as much—interested as I was. I mean Hester Davenport. After having failed in finding you, I drove to Chelsea, hoping to find Hester. I wanted to take her to luncheon with mother hated his mocking talk, but she was glad to see Gerard amused within the narrow limits of the Rosary. Had there been no such visitor as Jermyn he might have wanted to go to London oftener perhaps. So in some wise she had reason to be grateful to Jermyn.

Matt Muller, the landscape painter, to whom the Thames had been a gold mine, was still living on his honeymoon, floating idly on autumnal mists which were more conducive to art than to health. He was building himself a cottage and painting room on the river bank, and had the delightful duty of watching the bricklayers at their work. Jermyn oscillated between London and Matt's housboat, and was always fresh and metropolitan, while the painter, he protested, had lapsed into a bovine state of being, and thought of nothing but the canvas on his easel and the cottage that was slowly rising out of a level stretch of meadow land.

* * * * * *

Mr. Jermyn stayed later than usual one evening after dining at the Rosary. The weather had been exceptionally fine during the last few days. St. Luke's summer, as Hester said, with a faint sigh, when she heard the church bells pealing over the river, and remembered the date, the eighteenth of October, St. Luke's Day—day which, in the years that were past, had seen her kneeling in her place at church; day which, for her henceforth, meant very little.

She had spent the morning on the river with Gerard, tempted by the warmth of the sunshine which gilded meadow and islet. They had stayed out till the edge of dusk, and, creeping slowly home in their punt, had found Jermyn pacing the lawn by the water, looking out for their return.

"I have come to offer myself for dinner," he said, as he helped Hester out of the boat. "It is ages since I have bored you with my society—a week at the very least—and I have brought you a budget of news, Gerard; news not altogether fit for Mrs. Boffin," shaking his finger at Hester, "so I must keep it for our half-hour in your cosy tabagie."

"Your half-hours in the smoking room are very long," said Hester.

"Their length proves that I can interest Gerard. You ought to be very grateful to me, Mrs. Hanley. He would expire of *ennui* in this delicious retreat if I did not bring him a fatal report of all the delicious things that are done and said in London."

"I have forgotten the meaning of the word since I came to the Rosary," said Gerard; "so you may suppress any desire to patronize us upon that score. When the leaves are all off the trees and the Thames begins to look dreary, we shall take wing for the Riviera."

"I will meet you at Monte Carlo; I am more at home there than anywhere," said Jermyn, gaily.

"I doubt if we shall go to Monte Carlo."

"Oh, yes, you will. You won't go, perhaps—

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

KNOWN AND SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

WILL RELIEVE SICK HEADACHE IN 20 MINUTES

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders

TO WHICH

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

ARE SUBJECT

is the most marvelous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for WEAK STOMACH, SICK HEADACHE, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, DISORDERED LIVER, etc., and is found especially efficacious and remedial by FEMALE SUFFERERS.

Long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, BEECHAM'S PILLS have an unprecedented demand and the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, Eng. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal, Sole Agent for the Dominion of Canada.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY
PRICE 25c.
TOPLEY CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Have You Tried It?

CREME DE ROSE

The New Preparation for the Toilet.

Cures Chapped Hands, Rough Skin, &c.

TRY A BOTTLE

ASK FOR IT AT YOUR DRUGGISTS

What "THE TIMES" of Ceylon

SAYS OF THIS COMPANY, MAY 4, 1889.

"We are asked by a correspondent, 'Which Company, for the sale of Ceylon Tea at home, does the largest business?' and we really do not think that anybody can answer this question. In all probability, the Ceylon Tea Growers, Limited (Khangani Brand), sell more Tea than most, seeing that they have no less than 1,000 Agents in Great Britain alone, and, in the course of twelve months, must sell a very large quantity of Tea."

This is indisputable evidence that this Company is a

GENUINE CEYLON TEA COMPANY

SOLE AGENTS

Hereward Spencer & Co., Tea Merchants

63½ King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

you'll gravitate there. It has been called the load-stone rock, don't you know. It will draw you, as that rock in the story drew the nails out of Sinbad's vessel. You will find yourself powerless before the fascination of one of the loveliest spots upon this earth. I shall be just as sure of meeting you there as Cæsar's shade was of meeting Brutus at Philippi."

The dinner passed gally. The lamplit table was brilliant with the beauty of decay, decked out with autumn leaves and berries of various and most harmonious coloring, which Hester had collected that morning in a woodland walk, while the world was all fresh and dewy. The evening was so mild that the two young men were able to smoke their after-dinner cigars and enjoy their after-dinner talk pacing up and down the gravel path in front of the drawing-room, while Hester sat in the lamplight by the hearth, while a fire of pine-logs gave a show of cheerfulness without too much heat. She had her work and her books about her, and the girlish figure in the white gown in the brightly-furnished room made a graceful picture of home life altogether unlike that vision of Bohemianism and debauchery which the spinsters of Lowcombe imagined within the walls of the Rosary.

"Does Mrs. Hanley go with you to the South?" inquired Jermyn, after they had exhausted his stock of London gossip, and were lapsing into thoughtfulness.

The night was even lovelier than the day had been; the sky was full of stars, and now towards ten o'clock, the late moon was rising round and golden from behind a wooded hill on the opposite shore.

"Of course, did you suppose I should leave her behind?"

"I only suppose there is an end to all things. You have had a very long honeymoon."

"We are not tired of each other yet."

"No!" interrogatively, "and poor Mrs. Champion, whom the world declares you are to marry directly she is out of her weeds. It will be rather rough upon her if you marry anyone else."

"That is a matter for the lady's consideration and mine—not for yours."

"I apologize. After all, the chief aim in this life is to be happy, and so long as you are happy with the lady yonder—a most lovely and amiable creature—"

"For God's sake hold your tongue. You mean kindly to us both, I daresay—but every word you say increases my irritation."

"My dear Hillersdon, how sensitive you are. Strange that a position which seems to have secured your happiness should not bear discussion—even with an intimate friend."

Gerard turned upon his heel and went back to the house, Jermyn following him, and the two young men spent the rest of the evening in the drawing-room with Hester, and their talk was no longer of living people but of books and ideas, and of great minds that had gone out with the unknown. Hester was always carried away by talk of this kind, carried away from remorseful brooding, from the consciousness of an abiding sorrow. In that shadowy world of speculative thought all painful feelings were merged in the one great mystery, what we are and whither we are going; whether that individual existence, so agonizingly distinct to-day, shall to-morrow merge and melt into the infinitesimal life which builds the coral reef and recomposes the earth we tread on.

Such conversations always left her in deepest melancholy. Yet she took a morbid pleasure in them, as people do in books that make them cry.

The wood fire and the lamplight had heated the low cottage drawing-room over much before Justin Jermyn left, and when he was gone Gerard opened the window and let in the cool soft air, and the wide sweep of moonlit sky, above a ridge of firs which bounded the landscape. The moon was high in the midmost heaven by this time, riding triumphantly amidst that glorious company of stars which look like her satellites. Hester and Gerard stood at the open window, looking at the sky and river, glad to be alone, albeit they had not wearied of Jermyn who had a knack of being interesting upon any subject. They were both silent, both full of thought, glad to rest after the animated discussion of the last two hours.

"Hark," said Gerard suddenly. "Someone has opened the garden gate. Jermyn is coming back. What can he want!"

Hester's ear was quicker than his. She heard a step upon the gravel, a feeble, dragging footstep, as of one who was weary unto death.

"It is not his step," she said. "It is someone who is old and feeble."

As she spoke there came creeping out of the shadow of the shrubbery, and round by the angle of the house, a figure to chase a ghost by look in the moonlight which silvered the face to spectral pallor, and shone white upon the shabby and travel-stained clothes. It was the figure of an old man with ragged gray beard and tall, gaunt form. The bent shoulders, the slow movements, indicated utermost weariness. The man came staggering towards the lamplit window, leaning upon his stick; he came closer and closer, till he was face to face with Hester, and then with a sudden cry he lifted his stick and pointed at her triumphantly.

"I knew it," he cried hysterically. "I knew it was you. I knew I had hound you at last—found you in the midst of your infamy—living in luxury while your old father has been starving—living in sin—"

"Father," cried Hester piteously, stretching out her hands to him, trying to put her arms about him, "father, you have no cause to reproach me. It was you who left me. I was giving you my life—would have given it you till my last breath—but you left me—left me without a word—alone and fatherless."

Sobs choked her. She could say no more. She could only shape the words dumbly, while he thrust her from him with a savage gesture.

"Don't touch me," he cried, "I renounce you—I have done with you—

And then came one of those foul words which brand like red hot iron. The daughter sank in an agony of shame at her father's feet—not fainting, only too keenly conscious of her misery.

To be called that name—and in Gerard's hearing. What could her life be ever more after this night but one everlasting sense of shame!

Her hands were clasped over her face as she half knelt, half crouched, upon the ground. In those few moments there was time for that one thought—I am that thing which he has called me. And then she heard Gerard's hoarse cry of rage, a blow, a groan, and her father had fallen like a log on the gravel path beside her.

(To be Continued.)

Wouldn't Be Without It.

Mr. Alfred Roberts, manager of the Dominion Railway Advertising Agency, 79 King street West, Toronto, Ont., June 1, 1888, writes as follows: "I desire to testify to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure remedy for sprains, bruises, rheumatism, etc., having had occasion to use it in my family for some time past. In fact I would not be without a bottle of the oil in my house for double the amount charged."

To Checkmate the Old Man.

Miss Warner—I heard papa say last night that he was going to buy a dog.

Mr. Gorner (who calls twice a week)—I wonder if I couldn't sell him mine!

For Nervous Debility.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. H. T. Turner, Kasson, Minn., says: "I have found it very beneficial in nervous debility, from any cause, and for indigestion."

On Bargain Day.

Chicago Woman—How much do you charge for securing a divorce?

Chicago Lawyer—One hundred dollars, ma'am; or six for five hundred.

Changing Chucker's Pantaloons.

How far it is expedient to convert a railway carriage into a dressing-room is a question which would be quickly solved in the negative in continental countries, where guards walk along the footboards and collect tickets while the train is in motion.

But in England a passenger who likes to change his attire in a first-class compartment is, as a rule, pretty secure from interruption.

At least, so thought Mr. Barnaby Chucker, as he alighted from a hansom at Paddington and rushed across the platform, holding a railway rug and a carpet bag which contained a complete change of raiment—to wit, dress-clothes.

Mr. Chucker had received an invitation to dine at Windsor with some friend of influential position; but, being a busy man, he had not found time to dress at his office in the city, or at his chambers at the West End. Stepping into the train, he slipped a shilling into the hand of the guard and said:

"Keep this compartment, I want to dress."

"All right, sir," answered the guard; and the next moment the train started.

Mr. Chucker then unlocked his carpet bag and drew out a clean shirt, with other equipments necessary to his bodily adornment.

It must not be supposed that he did this without reluctance, for he was a great stickler about all the proprieties of life. He objected to seeing things out of season. If he had caught his best friend changing his pantaloons in a railway carriage he would have thought meanly of him for being of disorderly habits, and so now he judged himself with a candid severity for not having better regulated his own time.

"If an accident occurred," mused he, as he removed his coat and waistcoat, "I wonder what would be thought of me for being half undressed in a train!"

This reflection made him redden. He was a shy, middle-aged man, with large, red ears, and a fat, florid face. The effect of pulling off his boots always suffused his countenance with crimson, and it did so now, insomuch that, what with the color that came from physical exertion and that which resulted from a troubled conscience, Mr. Barnaby Chucker looked truly distressed. Having removed his boots, he denuded himself of his trowsers. This was a trying moment, for if an accident had happened then!

"Why, why, dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Chucker, at this stage of his cogitations, "I think the train—no, it cannot be—is stopping."

The train was stopping in effect, as Mr. Chucker might have foreseen that it would do, since he was not traveling by express; but he had been so enwrapped in his self-upbraiding thoughts that he had not even noticed the first slackening of the engine's speed.

He now found himself in the midst of a very disreputable litter of clothes, and with no time to re-dress himself before the train stopped.

He had to decide hastily whether he would steam alongside Ealing platform in his shirt-sleeves or minus his pantaloons.

He chose wisely in huddling on his coat, which he buttoned up, while he covered his lower man with his railway rug. This done, he collected as many of his belongings as he could into his bag, kicked his boots under a seat, and tried to look dignified.

The train had come to a standstill now, and a guard opened the door of the carriage in which our hero was sitting, and cried:

"There's room here, sir, for you and this lady."

"Hi, guard!" exclaimed Mr. Chucker, leaning out in horror, "you told me I should have this compartment to myself."

Unfortunately for our modest friend, the guard to whom he had given the shilling was not the one appointed to travel with the train. These little mistakes often occur, and lead to unpleasant consequences.

The present guard said bluntly:

"I can't give you a compartment to yourself unless you pay for it, sir. It's against the rules. Here, madam, step in, please."

A lady who looked in very delicate health got into the carriage, and a gentleman with her. Mr. Barnaby Chucker felt ready to swoon. Before he could inform the guard of his readiness to pay for a whole compartment sooner than have his privacy intruded upon, the train was off again, and Mr. Chucker fell to reflecting how he should effect his change of carriages at Slough, now that he was in no fit state to step on to a platform. The train in which he traveled was not bound straight for Windsor, but for Birmingham, and Mr. Chucker would have to change at Slough if he wished to dine with his friends that evening.

Alas! a more urgent difficulty than that involved in a change of carriages soon presented itself to him; for no sooner had the train started than the lady who had just stepped in, began to moan and to shiver, saying that she felt cold all over. Her husband sought to quiet her, but it was all of no use, for she was really ill. At last the poor man looked in despair at Mr. Chucker, and cried:

"Excuse me for taking a great liberty, sir; but would you be so kind as to lend my wife your rug? I never had thought of that—to bring one. As it is not a cold day, perhaps you would not mind obliging us as far as Slough, where I shall be able to buy a rug."

"Eh!" grunted Mr. Chucker, stupefied.

The request completely staggered him, and he could find no words in which to reply.

"Would you kindly lend this lady your rug!" repeated the gentleman, rather astonished.

"Hoo!" growled Mr. Chucker, in a voice like a bear's. It had just occurred to him that the safest way out of his difficulties would be to sham being mad.

A Frenchman would have quietly beckoned the gentleman to the other side of the carriage, and would have explained the dilemma with a laugh.

But Englishmen are persons full of niceness, and Mr. Chucker dare not confess to a perfect stranger that he had no trowsers on.

He repeated "Hoo!" two or three times over, and his stratagem succeeded perfectly, for both his fellow-passengers became convinced that they were traveling with a lunatic.

The lady began to scream, her nerves were so unstrung that they could not stand this extra shock, and Mr. Chucker made things worse by the fixity with which he glared at her. The gentleman armed himself with an umbrella to protect his wife.

Mr. Chucker, entering into the spirit of his part, caught up his own umbrella and brandished it.

The travelers were in their attitude of vigilance and menace when the train once more slackened speed, and Hanwell was reached.

Instantly the gentleman jumped out on the off side of the line, so as not to pass Mr. Chucker, and helped out his wife, whose screams had by this time given place to a fit of shivering.

Mr. Chucker thought himself well rid of his mess, for the train would go on again and he should be able to complete his dressing. By way of insuring privacy for the remainder of his journey, he began by pulling the carriage blinds down.

Alas! he was not to get off so easily.

Already there was a commotion on the platform.

The husband of the fainting lady had explained matters to the station master; some porters and guards had overheard him, and rumor circulated that there was a lunatic in the train. Passengers, peeping their heads out of the carriage windows, protested against traveling in the company of a man who might commit some mad act—set the train on fire, throw himself out, or emit awful noises. The station master was obliged to pacify these murmurs by striding toward the alleged maniac's carriage. The all-unconscious Mr. Chucker was rudely aroused by the door being suddenly opened and a gruff voice exclaiming:

"Now, sir, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's—the—the—matter with me," stammered Mr. Chucker. "What should there be?" but, so saying, he hugged his rug closer to him with a guilty look.

"Would you mind stepping out, sir!"

"Why should I? My ticket is for Windsor."

"Change here for Windsor, sir," responded the guard, who was quite convinced by this time that he had a queer character to deal with.

"Well, man, since you put me to it, I've no trowsers on," confessed Mr. Chucker, lowering his voice; whereupon the station master echoed in amazement:

"No trowsers!" and the crowd behind caught up the words: "No trowsers!"

"He threwed em out," suggested a porter.

"Perhaps he had none on when he got into the train?" suggested the station master.

"Of course I had, man. I've two pair with me now. Let me alone, that I may put one on," faltered Mr. Chucker, intimidated and disgusted by the sight of so many people staring at him.

But while he was speaking, some low churl, seizing a corner of his rug, gave it a twitch and abruptly exposed Mr. Chucker's *dishabille* to view.

There was a shout of mingled laughter and dismay among the passengers, some of whom, being ladies, deemed it expedient to squeal.

"Out you come," roared the blushing station master, in a paroxysm of indignation, and he clutched Mr. Chucker by the wrist.

"Well! but—but—let me d—dress first," pleaded the victim, as he felt not only his arms, but his legs in the grasp of different hands. He made a short struggle but this did not improve his position, for his resistance was ascribed to a maniacal outbreak and emboldened his aggressors to drag him out of the carriage feet foremost. He tumbled out in a heap and was then carried across the platform, kicking and roaring in the sight of a hundred pairs of astonished or amused eyes.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young ladies, as he passed.

"Poor man!" cried some older ones.

"Hi! Fetch the police," chorused some of the porters.

Ten minutes later, when Mr. Chucker had been conveyed, under strong escort, to the station master's room and had been suffered to don his pantaloons, he contrived to get a hearing and to explain how all the trouble had arisen.

"Well, but why didn't you tell us this before?" cried the nonplussed station master.

"Because you wouldn't listen to me, you beast," screamed Mr. Chucker.

"Well, you've missed your train and your dinner," said the station master, "and that'll be a lesson to you."

"Lesson of what?" asked Mr. Chucker, exasperated.

"Lesson—why—why—lesson not to take off one pair of breeches until you've put the other on, and that for decency's sake, sir!" answered the station master, sternly, formulating an axiom which sounded well, though, perhaps, like some other maxims propounded by worldly philosophy, it was not easy to follow.—*London Truth.*

"When Daisies Pied and Violets Blue, etc."

Scene: Our sanctum.
Poet (entering)—I have here a little spring—

Editor—So have I.

Special Notice to Pianists, Organists and Vocalists.

Every musician should visit the show rooms at Nos. 108 and 110 King street west, and see the very latest invention in musical intruments, they will be amply rewarded for their visit by seeing "The Perfect Transposing Organs and Pianos," which are on exhibition at above address. These instruments transpose music into any key ranging throughout the chromatic scale, and the working is so simple that a child can operate it. This invention enables vocalists to practice any music, even though not written for their particular compass, thus opening up a wide area of delightful study. In the near future no other organs or pianos will be used. The musical celebrities of Europe and Great Britain are unanimous in this respect, and the party who secures the right to manufacture these instruments will make an immense fortune in a short time, as really no other instrument will be purchased when these can be procured.

Miss E. J. Chubb of Dressmakers' Magic Scale fame is removing from No. 426½ Yonge street to more central premises at No. 256½, same thoroughfare.

A. D. 2000.

"What was the result of the murder trial?"

"The murderer was acquitted; but the jurymen were sentenced to be hanged."

The Canadian Domestic Employment Agency beg to inform the ladies of Toronto that they have removed from 94½ King street West to Kerr's Arcade, cor. Gerrard and Yonge streets. In connection with this agency there is a "ladies' work repository," and a specialty is made of ladies' and children's underwear. Telephone 312.

An Open Confession, Etc.

An Irishman sat in one of the long line of carriages following a hearse to the grave. "Whose funeral is this?" inquired an interlopper. "Divil a one of me knows," said Patrick. "I jist come out for the dhrive."

The Wabash Line

is the shortest and quickest route from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, California, Mexico and all points west and south, the only line running free reclining chair cars from Detroit to St. Louis and Kansas City. The Wabash runs the finest sleeping and chair cars in the world. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via this route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, 28 Adelaide street east.

A Cold, Doctors'

BILLS AND FUNERAL EXPENSES

cost in the neighborhood of $200. Health Brand undervests cost from 75c. to $1.75. Take your choice.

You can get Health Brand Vests at every leading retail Dry Goods House in the Dominion, and by W. A. MURRAY &°CO., Toronto.

D. GRANT & CO.

ARE THIS WEEK SHOWING A MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT OF

Rich Dress Silks, Wool Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Parasols, Umbrellas

ALSO

Millinery, Mantle and Costume Showrooms Now Open for the Season

NOTE—Our Dressmakers have just received from New York all the latest designs for House, Street, Carriage, Dinner and Evening Costumes.

Inspection invited by D. GRANT & CO. at

New Stores, 206 and 208 Yonge St.

The Season for Travelling to Europe

Is now commencing, and the greatest necessity and convenience to intending tourists is a trunk that can be taken into the cabin of the steamship and also strong enough to be used on the railways.

We have this season made a special trunk that is the correct size to go under the berth on shipboard, and is of sufficient strength to withstand the usage received on railway journeys.

H. E CLARKE & CO.

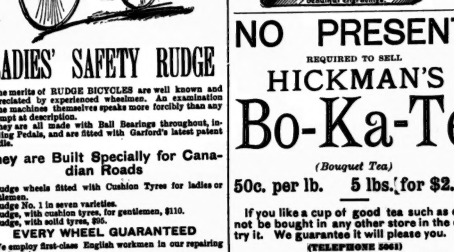
105 King Street West

Why a Man Goes to the Public House.

Because the pub. won't come to him. Because, for anything he knows, it may be the last time. Because children and servants might stare if he sat at home for hours over his bottle, or had seven glasses of beer fetched one after the other from the tavern over the way. Because it is always better to pay your money to the landlord than to the doctor. Because it gives the wife a better chance to dust and tidy the rooms, when the husband is out. Because he wants to see if he paid his score on the previous night. Because there he can "order," whilst at home he has to obey. Because the wife doesn't go with him. Because he can hear any amount of entertaining gossip that does not find its way into the papers. Because some brands of wine ought to be drunk when new. Because he may chance to light on a doctor and get a cheap consultation for the price of a liquor. Because the gas lamps give a steadier light for reading the papers than the paraffin lamps at home. Because on this very day, twenty-one years ago, a good friend of his went to America. Because at home he is not allowed to thump the table with his fists, or knock the chairs about. Because his wife can, with a good conscience, tell any creditors that happen to call, that her husband is not at home. Because he is very likely to meet with a flower-girl from whom he can buy a posy for his wife. Because it is the best place where to think out new excuses.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyrian, M. P. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

SPORTING GOODS



LADIES' SAFETY RUDGE

The merits of RUDGE BICYCLES are well known and appreciated by experienced wheelmen. An examination of the machines themselves speaks more forcibly than any attempt at description.

They are all made with Ball Bearings throughout, including Pedals, and are fitted with Garford's latest patent Saddle.

They are Built Specially for Canadian Roads

Rudge wheels fitted with Cushion Tyres for ladies or gentlemen.
Rudge No. 1 in seven varieties.
Rudge, with cushion tyres, for gentlemen, $110.
Rudge, with solid tyres, $95.

EVERY WHEEL GUARANTEED

We employ first-class English workmen in our repairing department.

H. P. DAVIES & CO.

81 Yonge Street, Toronto

NO PRESENT

REQUIRED TO SELL

HICKMAN'S Bo-Ka-Te

(Bouquet Tea)

50c. per lb. 5 lbs. for $2.25

If you like a cup of good tea such as cannot be bought in any other store in the city, try it. We guarantee it will please you.

(TELEPHONE 5061)

HICKMAN & CO.
PARKDALE KASH GROCERY
1424 Queen Street West.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

A trebling rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1891. [No. 22

Canada's Greatest Poet.

In a recent review of Canadian Literature published in the *New England Magazine*, the writer spoke in glowing terms of what he called the Canadian School of Poetry, the descriptive or nature variety which is written by Roberts, Lampman, and scores of lesser Canadian names. It was not a tribute which could make one feel proud of Canadian literature to say that our greatest poets were but word-photographers, that they could touch no chord of the human hearts, could cause but a momentary delight of the senses with the scenes they portrayed, that we had no poet of MEN. Heavysage was dead and there was none to take his place. Since the beginning of the year, however, there has arisen a poet previously known as the "Poet of the Lakes," Rev. William Wilfred Campbell. This gentleman had hitherto held a position inferior in the minds of Canadian readers to Roberts or Lampman, but the appearance of his poems, Pan in the Market Place and The Mother, which was printed from *Harper's Magazine* in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT some three weeks ago, has vindicated Canada. Of this poem, which far outshines the other mentioned with it, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, speaking of the decline of poetry says that the nearest approach to a great poem in current literature is The Mother, and places it in the category with Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, Hamlet's Soliloquy Upon Man and Shelley's Skylark; poems which, though greater may have been written, forever close the particular subject which they treat of. "Others may imitate or dilute," it says, "but nobody can hope to rival, and those poems should be put away in the cabinet of literature as gems which are themselves complete and priceless," and no one could attain more realizing sense of this than one who, like the writer, has once attempted to treat of such a subject. The *Inter Ocean* writer, however, when in his final tribute he says, "This one little poem by William Wilfred Campbell, which will probably share the common fate of current literature in its precipitate march to the grave, touches a finer chord in the heart than was dreamt of in the poetry of Homer," forgets the beautiful character of the tender mother, Andromache, wife of Hector.

Let us hope also that this beautiful poem will *not* share the fate of most current literature, and that Mr. Campbell take his true place in the hearts of the people. With the exception of the three poets now past the three score years and ten, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes, Mr. Campbell is the greatest living American poet in the broad and only true sense of the word. Mr. Campbell is a young man and has already delivered Canada from the reproach that her greatest poets are but Nature-poets. The greatest poets of the future will be reared in our wide America, and perhaps it will be his honor to stand at the head of a group of poets that shall herald the twentieth century, like unto that group which made the first years of this waning nineteenth century glorious!

H. W. C.

Music.

The most important musical event of the week previous to this writing was the second concert of the Toronto Vocal Society which took place on Tuesday evening. The Pavilion was crowded, and the large assemblage was a brilliant and enthusiastic one. The committee of the society has every reason to be proud of the success which has attended its labors this season, in both financial and artistic departments. The singing of the society was a distinct improvement on its work at the previous concert. Conductor and chorus understand each other better and much of the roughness of tone inevitable in a chorus largely composed of new members, has been polished off. The tone of the society is now very smooth, its phrasing is better, and enunciation though still faulty, shows great improvement, the attacks and rythmic work being very good. In fact, the technical part of Mr. Buck's work has been well done and the society has gained a valuable experience. Artistically considered, the progress of the society is also satisfactory. The contrasts of light and shade, while breadth and fulness of tone are retained, and the fidelity to intonation which is pretty generally to be observed in the society's work, afford sufficiently strong proofs of its onward and upward march.

•

Coming to particulars, I think that Mr. Buck made his best effort with Gounod's Come Unto Him, which has appeared in a former programme of the society. It was sung with fervor, combined with delicacy and refinement; altogether it was delightfully rendered. The male chorus of the society also covered itself with honor and glory by its excellent singing of Adam's Comrades in Arms, in which a great richness and fulness were happily combined with roundness and elegance of tone. The shading was well graduated and the points well balanced, producing what many felt to be the best effect of the evening. My gallantry is not sufficiently strong to prevent me from saying that the ladies' chorus, Caller Herrin', was not so successful. The voices did not seem to blend thoroughly, and the incident of the piece was not well brought out. Similar weakness attended the rendition of the last piece, O, My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose, which did not hold together well. A splendid rendering of the Rhine Raft song called forth a rousing encore. The very pretty singing of Brahm's Cradle Song was also much to be admired. A delicate sentiment and refined phrasing characterized this number.

•

The soloists were exceptionally acceptable. Miss Clementine De Vere has steadily risen in the regard of the American public since her first appearance some three years ago. I well remember the decided and emphatic success she made here about that time, when she really was the bright particular star of the Campanini concert, though not heralded as such. Similar successes attended her efforts on Tuesday evening when her two numbers were exquisitely sung. She has a high soprano voice, clear and sweet as a bell, yet with a wonderful wealth of color, variety and power of expression. Its intonation is perfect and her *florilnio* are beautifully accurate. She sang the Romanza from Aida and the Shadow Song from Dinorah, both of which afforded abundant opportunities for the display of vocal agility. Hearty recalls elicited two very pretty songs from the fair cantatrice.

•

Mr. Franz Wilczek also made a strong impression. The expectations that had been raised regarding his violin playing were fully met. He has a sweet, pure tone, not very strong but certain and sympathetic, and his execution is facile and fluent to a degree. His selections were Vieuxtemp's Caprice de Concert and Sarasate's Gypsy Dances, both numbers calling for a high degree of virtuosity in their performance, a demand which Mr. Wilczek fully met. Mr. Harold Jarvis found himself in good company and sang in a manner that made the audience feel proud that Toronto could place a representative on the programme with these artists, and one who was fully equal to maintaining the artistic repute of his city. Mr. Jarvis sang his songs, Margarita and Atton Water, with their attendant encores, in splendid voice and in excellent taste. Mr. Buck was ably assisted by Miss E. H. Mockridge who played the accompaniments most artistically.

•

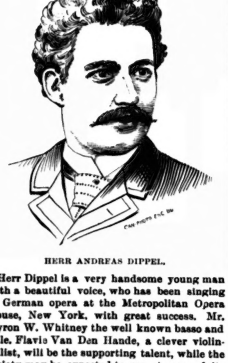
On the same evening Mr. Louis C. Elson of the New England Conservatory of Music delivered a lecture on The History of German Music at Association Hall. The clashing of dates was unfortunate as several other musical events on that evening prevented many from hearing a most enjoyable lecture. Mr. Elson is well known in the United States as a critic and essayist of more than usual correctness and cleverness, and of very much more than usual brightness and *espiegleric*. His manner is charming and his matter is so frequently relieved by a dash of humor and a gentle sarcasm that tell mighty tales of a thoroughly well lived life and a widely sought experience. The matter generally of his lecture was so concrete that when the audience rose many wondered how they could have absorbed so much knowledge in so short a time. Mr. Elson illustrated many of his remarks by music, being both an accomplished pianist and vocalist. The piano firm of Newcombe & Company are to be thanked for the enterprise which gave us such a treat. An agreeable after-piece to the lecture was a little gathering which followed it at the house of Dr. Barrick, where several of the greater lights of our little artistic world were invited to meet Mr. Elson. A couple of hours were agreeably spent in music and refreshment.

•

On the same Tuesday the Army and Navy Veterans held their annual concert at the Auditorium and enjoyed the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience whose applause was no mean compliment to the ladies and gentlemen who took part. Major-General Herbert graced the occasion by his presence and made a few genial remarks, after which he gracefully retired. The performers were Miss Maud E. Laverty, Miss Belle Rose Emslie, Miss Lilla Fletcher, Miss Margaret Marie, Mr. Francis Eddis, Mr. G. A. A. Saunders, Mr. Chas. S. Boucher, Mr. C. W. Baxter, Mr. Will M. Robinson and the fine band of the Veterans.

•

Next week will give us a fine opportunity to compare the two vocal societies, as on Thursday evening the Haslam Vocal Society will give its second concert. Chief among the visiting attractions will be this gentleman,



HERR ANDREAS DIPPEL.

Herr Dippel is a very handsome young man with a beautiful voice, who has been singing in German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with great success. Mr. Myron W. Whitney the well known basso and Mlle. Flavia Van Den Hende, a clever violincellist, will be the supporting talent, while the society may be expected to repeat some of its triumphs of the last concert.

•

Association Hall was crowded on Saturday evening last, when the third quarterly concert of the Conservatory was given. A fine programme of selections for piano, violin, organ and violincello, varied by vocal and o'ocutionary numbers, was performed in a manner most creditable to both pupils and teachers of the institution. Those taking part were Miss Charlotte Smyth, Miss Franciska Heinrich, Miss Kathleen Stayner, Miss Littlehales, Mr. E. Ebbels, Miss Lizzie Schooley, Miss Anna Hamilton, Miss Bertha Dixey, Miss Annie Forbes, Miss Mary Pridham, Miss Sophie Foad, Miss Clara Code, Miss Sasie Herson and Messrs. Bruca, Bradley and D. Edwards Clarke, Mrs. Emslie and Miss Etheline G. Thomas.

•

The students of the Toronto College of Music gave a musical evening on the 16th, which was largely attended and much enjoyed by all present. Mr. Burden played an offertoire by Balistе and a movement from Handel's B flat concerto. Miss Young played a Bach prelude and fugue. Miss Sullivan contributed a Toccata by Sgambah. Miss Clarke played a Guilmant sonata on the organ, a fine performance of Liszt's Les Preludes was given on two pianos by the Misses Clarke and Sullivan, the latter lady also playing Raff's Tannhaeuser arrangement. Songs by Miss Benson and Mr. Douglas Bird offered agreeable diversity to the evening's entertainment. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Except Jacobs & Sparrow's, where a variety show has been playing all week, the theaters were closed during the first part of this week. On Thursday and Friday nights, however, one of the great social events of the season came off in the performance of Iolanthe by the Harmony Club. At the Academy A. M. Palmer's company has been playing Aunt Jack during the last three nights of this week. Both these attractions will be referred to in this column next week.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Do you think such fame as Lawrence Barrett had would be a very great thing? Hear how an intelligent Paris newspaper speaks of him: "Laurence Barrett, a well known American actress, died yesterday in New York. Mme. Barrett was fifty-three years old, but many of her admirers, finding her at all times so sprightly, so pretty, so youthful in appearance, thought she had only just turned thirty. M. Barrett, her husband, served in the war of secession as a captain of infantry." This, O ambitious youth, is fame!

The *Argonaut* gives a Persian view of Parisian taste: Pion-Pion's death recalls his invitation of Rachel the actress, to a supper at which one of her fellow guests was Khalil-Bey. She was deeply affronted at the openly expressed distaste of the Oriental for her personal appearance. Rachel, as used to be said of Sarah Bernhardt in the early days of her career, possessed "much grace, but no grease;" and the angular elbows and bony chest of the queen of the Parisian stage were not all to the Bey's taste. "What do you think of her?" asked his host of him toward the end of the evening. "Dear prince, in my own country we drown such women as that!" was the reply. Rachel overheard him and naturally she never forgave him.

The *Illustrated American* has the two following stories of John Stetson's ignorance:

Once when Modjeska was playing at the Globe she required a bier to lie upon in one of her scenes, and sent to Stetson stating that she wanted a bier.

"Wants a beer, does she?" said Stetson. "Well, she can want and be blowed. I ain't providing beer for these outlandish players. Tell her she can't have it." The messenger returned to Modjeska with Stetson's message. The countess was furious. "Go to Mr. Stetson," she said, "and tell him unless I have a bier I will not go on in the next act."

The messenger duly repeated the message.

"She won't, won't she?" screamed Stetson. "Well, we'll see if she won't. That's the way with these furriners; they always want beer, beer, beer." Then as if relenting, he took fifty cents from his pocket and said, with a deep sigh: "I suppose I'll have to let her have it. Here, go and get her a gallon." It is needless to say the countess got her bier.

Another story may appropriately be divided into three acts, viz.:

ACT I.

Mr. Stetson (in a towering rage, appearing before a new drop-curtain for the Globe Theater)—Who painted that drop-curtain?

Assistant (facetiously)—Michael Angelo.

Stetson—Discharge him at once.

ACT. II.

Jones (of the press, to J. H. Haverly, rival manager)—Did you hear that last story of Stetson?

Haverly—No; what is it?

Jones—(Repeats as above)

Haverly (with a forced and uncertain laugh)—Oh, I see! There ain't no such person.

ACT III.

Jones—Stetson, did you hear that joke on Haverly?

Stetson—No; what is it?

Jones—Well, you know I told him about your wanting to discharge Michael Angelo, and he pretended to understand the joke, and said: "Oh, I see! There ain't no such person."

Stetson (after an embarrassed pause)—Oh! ha, ha! Yes, he ought to have said there wasn't no such person.

And wasn't it Stetson who talked about Salvini playing Othello in foreign italics?

Art and Artists.

THE *New England Magazine* for April includes the expected article on Canadian Art and Artists. Portraits are given of many of our leading artists, together with a few reproductions of their works which, however, do not represent the best done by these men. The whole tone of the article does not befit a magazine of the standing of the *New England Magazine*, and this is all the more reprehensible when the name of the author, Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, is placarded as assistant editor of it. The article is written as Mr. Harte might have written it when he was on the *Mail* and had to hustle round and have it ready for next morning's paper, and had received instructions to spice it with a few sneers at the Canadian people generally. There are some most flagrant omissions of leading Canadian names, and the following misleading statements show with what carelessness as to the use of words the article was written:

"The Canadians, as a people, despise the arts, either painting, music or literature, because art is not a road to wealth," he says, and, "The only things which are really interesting to Canadians are politics, railroads, real estate, Manitoba wheat, and having a good time."

•

In one of Sydney Smith's essays there is a statement which endeavors to dispose of art in all new countries. Without going as far as Sydney Smith, it is not just to expect such a patronage of art as characterizes the countries of the old world. Art is, perhaps, well patronized in England, but with her art patronage England has her million of starving Londoners and her many thousands of racked tenantry. When the exaggeration and untruth are pruned from Mr. Harte's statements, the fact arrived at is that the Canadians are a commercial people, that art is but an amusement of the people and that much of the money of the country being in the hands of what are called self-made men, such an amusement can be indulged in only to a limited extent. We have no leisure class and that large intellectual group, of which Mr. Harte is apparently unaware, is harassed by the necessity of earning its bread and butter. The statement as to literature and music, which latter words Mr. Harte probably added because they gave a Macaulayesque ring to his sentence, is of course untrue. Toronto alone supports two literary weeklies of dimensions which are unequaled in any city of its size or double its size, in America, and good musical attractions at prices the double of those charged in the American metropolis, command large audiences in Toronto and Montreal. Whatever salt of truth is in the unpalatable rubbish which Mr. Harte writes, applies equally well to either the United States or Canada. However continuously politically divorced the two countries are, in matters of art and literature they are one *America*, and true criticism must look at things in this light. For a thoughtful and hopeful view of Canadian art on lines opposed to Mr. Harte's, Canadians should read afresh the paper of Mr. J. W. L. Forster whose name was for some unaccountable reason omitted by Mr. Harte, which was summarized in the *Week* of March 13th.

•

Mr. G. A. Reid is painting for the approaching exhibition of the Ontario Society a piece, as yet unnamed, representing two sleeping children. The figures will be life size, and from the first sketch should make a beautiful picture. Mr. Reid also exhibits an outdoor scene, the loading of hay at sunset. Mrs. Reid will show some flower pieces. In the Sunday *Sun* of the 12th inst. Mr. Reid's picture The Other Side of the Question, exhibited in the recent New York exhibition, was sketched.

•

On Thursday last the private view of the paintings of the Woman's Art Club was held. The catalogue was beautifully gotten up and the pictures themselves will be spoken of next week.

•

Mr. Forster's painting of N. Clarke Wallace, M.P., has been attracting considerable attention. The painting is considered to be the best that this artist has done. It is beautifully life-like and shows what wealth of artistic talent can be expended on that branch of art which is sometimes so unjustly spoken slightingly of.

•

Mr. Paul G. Wickson of Paris, Ont., has been very successful with his painting, The Old Favorite. Mr. C. J. Hamlin, the veteran horseman, has commissioned him to paint one of his most valuable horses.

•

The members of the Architectural Sketch Club met on Saturday afternoon of last week at the Sick Children's Hospital on College street. Mr. Curry kindly explained the heating of the building to the young practitioners of the grandest of arts, and the Club afterwards visited the School of Science and the Varsity Biology Department, and were courteously escorted through them by the officials of these institutions. At both of the latter buildings photographs of the Club were taken. CHAD.

Good English.

The word "blatherskite" in its origin is Scotch, being composed of the Scotch blather blether, equivalent to the German bladdern, to talk nonsense, and skate, skite, a term of contempt. The original meaning was "one who talks nonsense in a blustering manner." From this comes the meaning, a good-for-nothing, a man who talks too much. The word is good English.

She Dared Her Fate.

Mrs. Peterby—Jones' wife ran away last night.

Mr. Peterby—Did she, really?

Mrs. Peterby—Suppose I ran away from you, what would your friends say?

Mr. Peterby—Humph! I guess they would ask me to set up the wine.

Earth's Robing.

For Saturday Night.

"It's time to wake up now you sleepy old thing!"
I fancied I heard the bright sun loudly crying,
As he looked on the earth which the whole winter long
Asleep 'neath her blanket of snow had been lying.

"Do you hear me? It's getting quite late in the day!
And if you won't rouse why I'll just have to make you,
I'll pull off your covering, and if that won't do
Dash water right into your face to awake you."

"Here! Wake up! Look alive! Would you sleep there all year?"
And no response coming, as good as his word,
Methought he sent April to sprinkle her freely
When all her soft covering had quite disappeared.

Indignant the earth at this treatment so shabby
At last roused to find herself cold, wet and bare.
"With what can I clothe myself, now I am wakened?
My old dress is gone, and I've nothing to wear!"

But the sun dried her tears and said "wait just a jiffy,
Instead of the old russet gown you last wore,
I am making a new one of soft tints and tender,
'Twill be most becoming to you I am sure."

So the earth being "she" thus was comforted quickly
At sight of her robe, a most exquisite thing,
And the sweet face of nature still smiles and is happy,
When each year she puts on her new dress in the spring.

A. A.

Philip.

For Saturday Night.

I.

CHARLES.

Oh, alas for the days when our lives were young
And our hearts throb'd wild and free!
And alas for the hopes that our young hearts held,
And alas for the dreams so soon dispell'd
In the days that used to be!
For Philip, through the mist of the bygone years
There often is borne to me,
A sadness that savors of strife and fears,
Like brine blown far from the tides of tears
That swell on life's lonely sea.
Oh, my heart is sore and my soul is sad,
And ever I dream and soon
Of the days when we plann'd and the days when we built,
And fashion'd of clay to gloss over with gilt
And thought to get bread from stone.

Oh, why was it then that our eyes were blind
As the mole that burrowth deep?
Why thought we the poise of the skies to find,
While we prowled with things that creep?
And when I look back o'er the long-gone days
Of our lost and wasted youth,
I sigh and my heart, aweary, asks
"Oh, where will mankind find truth?
For Nature herself but utters a lie
When she quickens the heart and brightens the eye
And lifts the heavy, hopeless s'gh
From the voice of human breath
For in her smile is a ghastly wile
And even in life is death:
A lingering death is every life,
And every peace is a smouldering strife!"

So we thought, dear Philip, to solve in time
The wonderful mystery of man;
But we fail'd, dear Phil, we utterly fail'd
Before we even began.
We thought in our weakness to know all strength,
But we reckon'd without our host,
For we were as worms in a giant's hand,
Or as builder that builds on the sliding sand
So that they and their houses are lost.
But still old memories remain with us
To embitter our cup of woe,
And our dreams still come in the fever of night
To make our poor hearts glow—
To make them glow for a moment, then grow
Only the colder still—
A demonish spirit that haunteth each dreamer
And sleeth the city until
It shatters and shakes and batters and breaks
The gates of his weakling will.

We were going to know why man exists,
And why the heavens were made;
And we would hold nature by the wrists
And man should be obeyed;
And we would know the secret of life,
To be masters of earth and sky—
But, oh! we were weak for such giant strife
And God, though afar, was still nigh.

Was it well, dear Phil, that we fail'd so sore?
Was it well that we ever began
To try to weigh the awful world
And to balance God against man?

II.

PHILIP.

I sometimes think, dear Charles, that we,
Though we "lost and wasted" our youth,
Have been better men than we should have been
Had we never aspir'd to the truth.
Oh, tell me not that our dreams were vain,
For I feel in my heart and I know
That failure was given that we might gain,
That clouds were sent that there might be rain,
And that bliss is hid in our woe.

And the world will go on with its million years,
And the heavens will still go on;
And our flesh may be dust and ashes and tears,
And our hearts be as cold as stone:
But the word of our youth shall have stretch'd far forth,
A jewel'd and sparkling span;
And our failure, for us, have a golden worth
In bridging the chasm 'twix: heaven and earth
And linking the God with man.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Night.

Come with thine unveiled words, O truth of night,
Come with thy calm. Allows the shallow day,
Whose splendors hide the vaster world away.
I wandered on this little plot of light,
A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,
Whether the gold shower roofed me or the gray,
I stove and fretted as life's feverish play,
And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.

But now the gateway of the all unbars;
The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,
The paints of this petty world, disband;
On the great threshold of the night I stand,
Once more a soul self-cognizant and still,
Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN in *Scribner*.

Noted People.

A grand niece of the Duke of Wellington sells flowers in a London arcade.

George W. Childs will not permit a witticism aimed at women to appear in the columns of his paper.

Jenny Lind's life is being written by Canon Scott Holland, and will doubtless be published during the coming season.

Doctor Mary Sherwood of Baltimore, Maryland, has been admitted to post-graduate work at the Johns Hopkins University.

A head of hair measuring ten feet and seven inches in length adorns Mrs. Philpot, of Gainesville, Texas. Her height is only four feet.

Uncle Sam as well as Aunt Victoria can truthfully boast that the sun never sets on his possessions. The sun is already an hour high in Maine when it is just setting in Alaska.

F. Marion Crawford has made a legal protest against the production in Paris of Massenet's Le Mage, the libretto of which Mr. Crawford claims was taken bodily from his Zoroaster.

The report that the Empress Charlotte of Mexico is in failing health, has been contradicted. She takes long walks daily in the parks of her country house at Lacken, and lunches and dines with the chief members of her suite.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has said a multitude of good things, but none better than this: "The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, 'Why wasn't it done the other way?'"

Mrs. H. J. Langdon of Weraville, California, the only woman mail contractor in the United States, is in Washington and has considerable business with the post-office department. She is known to all the drivers and mail carriers in the West as "The Little Boss."

Walter Besant, William Black and others are talking about organizing a society of English authors to establish in New York a printing house where first copies of their books, necessitated by the new copyright law, can be printed simultaneously with the making of the book in England.

The Duke of Fife has about a dozen suits in constant use, and he never wears the same clothes twice the same week. His trowsers are on shelves marked Monday, Tuesday and so on to end of the week, and they are carefully pressed by his valet before being put on, so as to get rid of the creases.

Here is a lady who believes in "painting the town." Miss Sabra Carter, a wealthy woman of Wilmington, Mass., has agreed to give $10,000 to the town, the interest of which is to be devoted to the painting of such houses as may need it, provided the owners thereof do not own dogs or belong to a temperance organization.

The Detroit *Free Press* gives as the reason for the publication of Rudyard Kipling's articles on America: "We publish these articles because they are the cleverest things that have been produced in that line for years, and because they are the very best examples of utter unfairness to a foreign country that could well be imagined."

The best dressed woman in the world is said to be Queen Margherita of Italy. Her wardrobe includes a countless variety of elegant costumes, and she seldom wears a dress more than once. Like the thrifty woman that she is, she sells her scarcely worn costumes, and the buyers are very glad to get them even at the high prices which are charged for them.

Mrs. Myra Peterson of Highlands, Colorado, is a successful business woman. She deals in butter, eggs and poultry, which she buys in Kansas and sells in Denver and Highlands. During the year 1890 she paid freight bills to the Union Pacific railway alone, of over twenty-eight hundred dollars. Her sales aggregated seventeen thousand, nine hundred and seventy-seven dollars and thirty-five cents.

The only woman in America who is an operatic conductor is Miss Emma Steiner. A Southerner by birth, she composed music as well as read and executed it by the time she was eleven years old. She began her career as a conductor under Edward E. Rice, and has continued it with various travelling companies. She appears to understand her chosen work thoroughly, and has also composed a number of songs. She is now finishing two operettas.

The richest widow in America is Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts of New York city. She is still young, at least, not old, and is a handsome woman, with fine dark blue eyes and golden hair. She has a very beautiful home on Fifth avenue, which is filled with rare paintings, antique furniture and bric-a-brac, all selected with the most careful and appreciative taste. Mrs. Roberts was a New England girl, Miss Suzanne Endicott, and had a thorough New England training in all household arts. She is quite capable of going into the kitchen and cooking a sumptuous dinner without assistance. She has one child, a boy of twelve.

To those who know of her active, happy, useful life, Mrs. Edward Kennard, the novelist, appears to have skimmed the very cream of fate. A charming-looking woman, trim, taut, and elegant in figure and dress, she is the wife of a wealthy and clever landholder, the mother of two handsome sons, the finest cross-country rider in Great Britain, and author of a dozen successful three-volumed stories. It is when one reads of the complete, wholesome, and well-rounded lives of these not uncommon English matrons that the belief grows of some peculiarly exhilarating stimulus in the climate and in the race of that nation. Florence Marryatt is a fair example of all the multitudinous results that can be crowded into forty odd well employed years, and Mrs. Kennard is equally industrious, with rich fruits to show for every twelve months she has lived. But not only does she write books and hunt; her accomplishments cover a much wider field. She is famous as a traveller, is an expert fisher, having landed one of the largest salmon ever whipped from the streams of Norway, is a prominent society light and has decorated her country house with numerous and exquisite samples of her art needlework. Busy, happy women like these are the ones who make sluggards and frivolous butterflies hide their heads.

A Boarding School Adventure.

WE used to have great fun at school "long years ago," not in "old Madrid," but in a certain Canadian city. The incident I will tell you of now was a striking one and had a great effect on us girls as being one of the rare occasions when some one got the better of our principal. Now don't prepare yourself for anything startling. It is quite commonplace. It was a cold night in the winter, the snow lay on the ground and crackled under the footstep of any passerby. The moon shone brightly into the deserted school rooms making the desks and chairs look ghostly in the pale pure light. The clocks ticked loudly in the various rooms, and the score of girls making up this select establishment, snored in unison with the governess in the third storey. Suddenly, as the clock passed "the witching hour of midnight," the loud peal of the door bell broke the silence of the night and also broke in on our happy dreams of unprepared French lessons. As one girl we awoke, a short pause, then louder and more erratically it rang again. Now we girls weren't all blessed with firm, fearless nerves. Some of us shook, not in our boots but in our night apparel, and cast longing eyes towards the clothes-closet where surely we would be safe from harm. Then as the bell rang a third time, one with more courage than the rest of us (which was not saying much) plucked up her poor little spirit, took her life so to speak in her hand, and sallied forth like a second Inditte to sacrifice herself if need be for the good of her countrymen. Trembling we gazed after her with feeling of awe as she tripped into the room where our governess lay happily dreaming of taking off house marks the next day.

"Miss Wood, oh, do wake up!" cried the courageous one as she felt her hair rising on end, "and listen to that fearful noise at the bell."

"Bell!—what bell?" queried Miss Wood. And in answer to her question another loud crash sounded through the house. Up rose Miss Wood with alacrity. "We must let the principal know," she decreed, and with Spartan firmness she set forth in her airy attire for the room of our principal, which official was her aunt. How could we sit still and see our friends go "forth to meet the shadowy future,' unprepared, alas! how unprepared! We arose and followed in a body, with the exception of a timid one who got into the cupboard and shut the door. We followed, as I say, in their wake to the door of our principal's room. She was speedily awakened and arose dauntless, equal to the occasion.

Together "the dauntless three" set out for the downstairs hall, and we watching them felt that those Grecians at Thermopylæ were not "in it" with them. We grouped ourselves artistically at the head of the stairs and watched for further developments. After a whispered conversation with Miss Wood, our principal advanced to take a view of the situation from the drawing-room window. At the front door stood a cab, the quiet old horse having fallen asleep while waiting. This was all innocent enough. It was in the porch that the sounds of disturbance were going on so, to the porch our principal advanced and in an impressive voice inquired, "Who is there?" There was a silence and a scuffling sound followed by the remark, "I'm Misher Kelly," uttered in a doubtful tone, as if the speaker were a little uncertain as to his identity. Our principal sniffed incredulously at this observation and went on with dignity, "What do you want?"

Silence for a minute, then, "He's a tellygram for you, mum," said another voice. "What!" said our principal. "A tellygram," remarked Mr. Kelly's friend in a louder key, evidently under the delusion that she was deaf. "A telegram," repeated O. P. "What telegram?" "He says if you'll open the door he'll give it to you, mum," said the voice, which was evidently cabby's, after a consultation with "Misher Kelly." This was adding insult to injury. "What!" said O. P. "I open the door at this hour of the night to a strange man! and, worse still, one whom I cannot but imagine from his voice and actions is—er——" "Screwed," suggested a voice from the stairs. "Is intoxicated," resumed O. P. with a withering glance toward us. "Never! You may leave your telegram, but never will I open my door to you." As she ended this heroic speech there was a noise, and the three rushed to the window in time to see the base cabby drive away after carefully dumping "Misher Kelly" for safe keeping in the porch of our vestal halls. "Oh, what shall we do?" cried O. P., "what shall we do? The character of the school will be gone forever, an intoxicated man on our steps at one in the morning! What shall I do? If the neighbors see him what will they think! If I leave him here to be a scandal to the neighbors he will freeze to death, and if I open the door he will tumble into my hall! Wretched man, what misery you will bring on me! If you have any heart go away and leave us in peace! Leave now and we'll never report you to the police!" (kind wasn't it, under the circumstances?) There was a stir and murmur of admiration as she finished this speech, and we waited breathlessly for our visitor's answer to this eloquence. It came at last. "A-hic!" observed Mr. Kelly, impressively. This was too much for us and we all, (we girls I mean) succumbed and sat giggling in a heap. Not so our principal. Her proud soul was stirred at this challenge and she advanced again to the attack.

"Will you or will you not leave my house?" she inquired haughtily. "A-hic," said Mr. Kelly, still more impressively. Our principal's motto was "no surrender." Would she give in and leave this intruder to sleep the sleep of the intoxicated on our chaste door step? Never! Again she spoke. "Leave my house at once and never come here again or I will hand you over to the police." The word "police" evidently penetrated Mr. Kelly's befogged brain, for there was a pause while he pondered. Suddenly, touched we believe by this last appeal, he rose manfully to his feet and to the occasion. We heard a sound on the steps and rushed to look out. There like a statue stood "Misher Kelly," a young fellow attired in a light overcoat, black boots, tan gaiters, a felt hat and kid gloves, truly a picture worthy a painter's brush. There he stood, unmindful of such trivial things as his hat being inclined to caress his left ear and his coat being unfastened and liable to be blown about by every vain wind. He stood swaying gently from side to side, while the snow melted on his hat and trickled down his nose and ears. Suddenly, as he leaned over, his foot slipped and with a slide and a lunge he landed in the snow bank at the foot of the steps. Rising to his feet he manfully tried to return, only again to slip to the bottom. This was getting interesting and we pressed closer to the window to admire Mr. Kelly's antics. A fact that will always cause us great wonder was that under all the trying circumstances his hat still stuck to him, evidently bravely minded "Never to forsake Mr. Micawber."

At this trying time two new actors appeared on the scene. Two young men evidently coming home from a party, speedily spied Mr. Kelly and probably because "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," bore down upon him with the intention of helping him away. Between them they raised his now recumbent form and endeavored to lead him off in spite of Misher Kelly's feeble kicks. With one in front to lead him and one behind to push him we soon found Misher Kelly disappearing from our mortal ken. To the corner they nobly led him in spite of many difficulties, and how much further they might have gone I dare not say, for suddenly a policeman hove in sight and the faithless friends rushed away leaving Mr. Kelly to support the nearest lamp post. If we could but warn him! Nearer came the peeler. "Come along young man," said he, and Misher Kelly disappeared "Like a meteor of the night shining, but to leave more lonely hearts that hailed its transient flight."

. . . . . .

N. B. And we never see a man in gaiters, be he bank clerk or bishop, without wondering if they, (the gaiters) encase our friend Mr. Kelly's legs.

MOLLIE MOORE.

Ballade of Behavior.

(A DOUBLE BALLADE.)

"Manners aim to facilit ste life."—Emerson.

Demeanor dignified, gesture slow,
Converse clothed in a courteous gear,
Place aux dames from high and low—
Where are the manners of yester-year?
Qualities cheapened once prized so dear,
Nothing veiled from the world's great gaze,
Reverence warped by critical sneer—
These be *fin-de-siecle* ways.

Curtsy from beauty, bow from beau,
Love was a gallant the most austere,
Compliments perfectly *comme-il faut*—
Where are the manners of yester-year?
Impudence sheathed in scant veneer,
Chaff of tavern and circus phrase,
Double entendre for the maiden's ear—
These be *fin-de-siecle* ways.

Birth and breeding were wont to show
The bravest and best in this savage sphere;
Round lordly brows did the laurels blow—
Where are the manners of yester-year?
Swagger and swindle now dominear,
The pinchbeck calf is the people's praise,
The charlatan's cockade the mob revere—
These be *fin-de-siecle* ways!

Plowman touches the plane of peer—
Where are the manners of yester-year?
That I'm old-fashioned, my cap I raise,
If these be *fin-de-siecle* ways!

CUTHBERT DICK.

Earl Granville.

By the death of Lord Granville, England has lost a statesman who, twenty years ago, occupied a prominent position both in politics and society, but of late had dropped into comparative obscurity.

Granville George Leveson-Gower (pronounced Loosen-Gore), second Lord Granville, was born in the year that saw Napoleon crushed at Waterloo. His father, the first earl, was the son of the Marquis of Stafford, and his mother the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.

He entered upon his public career as an *attache* to the British Embassy at Paris in 1835, and two years later took his seat in the House of Commons. He was at different periods of his long life, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Master of the Buckhounds, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary of the Colonies, and Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of St. Petersburg at the coronation of the late Czar. He died Liberal leader in the House of Lords, Senior Knight of the Order of the Garter, and Chancellor of the University of London. Once, in 1859, he was sent for by Queen Victoria to form an administration, but the curt and ungracious refusal of Earl Russell to serve under him prevented his becoming the first minister of the crown.

Lord Granville's success in politics was far above what would have been expected of his intellectual qualities. He never left the impress of his mind upon any of the departments with which he was connected. He never actually failed, perhaps, except when he refused to occupy Borneo in the interests of the Australian colonies and allowed the Germans to step in. But he never achieved anything great. No measure of importance is connected with his name. He never thrilled the House of Commons or the Lords with his eloquence. He never showed, in times of civil discord, that he "knew the season when to take occasion by the hand." When in 1870, as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, he was asked by a noble lord what the prospects of a European war were, he replied that never had the political horizon been so clear from clouds. A few days later, in answer to the question upon the trouble between France and Germany with regard to the Spanish throne, he answered: "I have been in communication not only with France, Prussia and Spain, but also with the other great powers or their representatives, and I have no reason to believe that any of these powers is otherwise than anxious to preserve peace." Yet within a week France had declared war with Germany.

When in 1880 he became Foreign Secretary under Mr. Gladstone, he did exhibit some diplomatic skill in matters relating to the Berlin Treaty, the occupation of Tunis, and the rising of Arabi Pasha in Egypt. But in the troubles in the Soudan, the difficulties England had with Germany in consequence of Prince Bismarck's colonial schemes, her differences with France, and in the rupture threatened between the British Empire and Russia at the close of the Gladstone administration, he proved weak.

He certainly belonged to one of the great "governing families" of England, as they are called, but there was something more than family necessary to explain the fact that men whose public services had been far greater than his, whose intellectual powers were vastly superior, should have consented to serve under his leadership in the House of Lords—such men, for instance, as the Duke of Argyle and Lord Russell.

The secret of his success was his wonderful urbanity, the never-failing grace of his manner. Friend and foe alike admitted that he performed the duties of his post with extraordinary tact and discrimination until age impaired his vitality. The office, which would have been irksome to most men, seemed to be to him a recreation. He went through his work with an ease and grace and a never-failing flow of good spirits that were marvelous. When he spoke he always did so with such a courteous smile that he at once disarmed the criticism of his strongest political opponent. Statesmen who were intellectual giants compared to Lord Granville, thought it no shame to be overcome by this bland and ever-courteous foe. His rivals in his own party yielded to him such a deference as they would not have paid to the ablest statesman or the haughtiest nobleman in the Lords.

No less popular was he with the people. No man ever more thoroughly acted up to the maxim of *noblesse oblige* than he. When in company with those beneath him in rank—his social inferiors, as the unpleasant expression is—he always seemed to be apologizing for the fact that he was a great nobleman, and trying to show that his rank, wealth, and influence were mere accidents. His chief desire seemed to be to put those around him at their ease, and he adopted in his speech and demeanor a courtesy altogether alien to the "rough island tongue" and rough island manners of the English. But there was nothing of Uriah Heep's umbleness about it. It was simply Lord Granville's "Granvillism."

With his equals he always seemed bent upon studying and adapting himself to the wants of others. Unassuming and inoffensive in the hour of victory, he was simple and graceful when he yielded the palm to those who had won it.

Lord Granville was a very brilliant star in social life. Had he possessed a wife of the same calibre as himself the Granvilles' *salon* in London would have been a political power and an enormous aid to the Liberal party, who have owned no real *salon* since the deaths of Lady Palmerston and Lady Waldegrave. But Lady Granville is not clever, is very sedate, and is not fond of society. About the only giddy thing she ever did was to go to a masked ball given by the Marquise de Santurci (wife of the head of the house of Murcia, which so nearly failed the other day), with her hair frizzed out in imitation of Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury. Now Lady A. or Maria Marchionesse, as she is generally called, is rather a frisky old lady of doubtful age, but certainly past seventy-five. Only the ladies at the ball were masked and Lady Granville had many amusing experiences hearing the confessions of some of the best known men in London, including the Prince of Wales.

No man could preside over a social gathering with greater success than the late earl. He was absolutely free from the pride of birth or form. Half an hour before the opening of the London Exhibition of 1862, of the Commission of which he was chairman, Lord Granville was discovered sweeping up the refuse which lay under the dome of the building. One Easter Monday a friend met him wandering in the crowd on the slopes of the white cliffs of Dover, laden with piles of sandwiches, loaves of bread, and pies—the remains of a lunch of which his party had just partaken—and distributing them with careful impartiality among the ragged women and boys.

If not eloquent, he was a graceful and polished speaker in his native tongue, and he had a more perfect command of the French language than any other public man of the day. The speeches which he made from time to time in Paris always excited the unbounded admiration of the French who heard him.

Lord Granville's face was not an intellectual one, and it was French rather than English in type. The portrait which embellishes the first page is a good one. His mouth was enormous and he had a sleepy expression which did not make his face prepossessing when in repose, but when lighted up with that delightful smile of his it at once became handsome and very winning.

Lord Granville, while he was yet Lord Leveson—that is, before he had succeeded to his father's title—married, in 1840, Lady Acton, widow of Gen. Sir Frederick Acton, and daughter of one of the First Napoleon's peers. She died in 1860, and five years afterwards Lord Granville married Miss Castalia Campbell, daughter of Campbell of Islay, who is still considered very handsome. She is tall and stately but her face lacks shade and expression.

As Constable of Dover and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, a position once occupied by William Pitt and afterward by the "Iron Duke," Lord Granville occupied Walmer Castle, which he turned into a beautiful country seat. He is succeeded to the title by his elder son who is in his twentieth year, and to the leadership of the House of Lords by Earl Rosebery.—*Illustrated American.*

He Silenced Him.

They tell a good story of a certain gentleman who owns a number of houses. He recently let one to a young clerk, assuring him that it was in perfect order. A week later the young man rushed into the office and exclaimed:

"See here, I want to talk to you about that house."

"What's the matter?" demanded the owner.

"Matter? Why, great Scott, the cellar is full of water!"

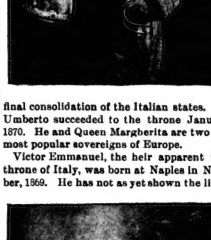
"Water! Well, what do you expect? Champagne?"

Italy's Present and Future King.

Umberto, King of Italy, was born in March, 1844. He is the son of the late King Victor Emmanuel, who ascended the throne on the

final consolidation of the Italian states. King Umberto succeeded to the throne January 9, 1870. He and Queen Margherita are two of the most popular sovereigns of Europe.

Victor Emmanuel, the heir apparent to the throne of Italy, was born at Naples in November, 1869. He has not as yet shown the literary



tastes of his mother, but like the present Emperor of Germany, has a great fondness for military studies.

A Woman's Wit.

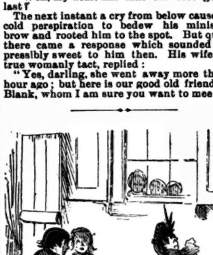
The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, the popular Episcopal clergyman of Chicago, made a bad slip the other day but was helped out by the quick wit of his wife. On the day in question he saw a lady about to call, whom he was anxious not to meet; so he said to his wife, "I'm off, my dear. I'll run upstairs to escape till she goes away."

After about an hour he quietly "tip-toed" to the stair landing and listened. All was quiet below. Re-assured, he began to descend and while doing so, he thoughtlessly and emphatically called out over the baluster:

"Well, my dear, has that old bore gone at last?

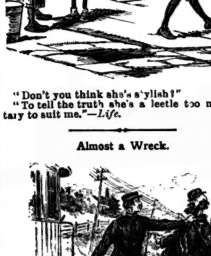
The next instant a cry from below caused the cold perspiration to bedew his ministerial brow and rooted him to the spot. But quickly there came a response which sounded inexpressibly sweet to him then. His wife, with true womanly tact, replied:

"Yes, darling, she went away more than an hour ago; but here is our good old friend Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you want to meet."



"Don't you think she's stylish?"
"To tell the truth she's a leetle too military to suit me."—*Life.*

Almost a Wreck.



Conductor—What do you mean by blocking travel like that? You've nearly run the car off the track!

Tramp—Dat's home-made sponge cake I struck at dat farm house. I wanted ter soften it a bit.—*Judge.*

THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN PURSUIT.

John King, the detective, starting solely upon his knowledge of the woman he would overtake, struck upon the dark road and through the woods and came out some half a mile from the station in the busier portion of Nanuet. He had little proof to go upon as to her course, as the ground was dry and her footprints could not be traced over the rough cart track and so through the wood; whereas, had she taken the public road, she could be easily traced.

He believed that she would make her way immediately to Nyack, where he was not yet was, and securing from him such an amount of money as she would need for present expenses, make her way to the city and so either out of the country altogether or into the far west, where it would be hard to follow. She was a shrewd woman and could think as rapidly as this harried detective herself necessitate. Were she only a trifle less sharp, a trifle less quick for emergencies, he would be more certain of overtaking and securing her. But he had no thought of yielding up the chase.

That she must pass the scene of the murder was—yes, even come out on the very thicket where the dead man lay, he knew would not hinder her.

He carried himself often enough, while hurying on in this rough path, for his stupidity in not placing a watch over her; but it was apparently of no use save to intensify his anger at himself and his despondency for the capture her if there were any means or any manner so to do. She was the worse of the two, he said to himself; she spurred the old man on to contemplate the deed, and it was her hand that at last ended the young man's life; she was a devil, not a woman!

"She's gone slow, I think," he said, presently, pausing to listen for any sound that might lead him in the right direction. "She's gone slow or taken some other route, or hidden." He was thickened in her having passed through here. She'd never get clear of these infernal briers otherwise. But if she has not come this way, in what direction has she gone? Never down the public road; of that I am positive. She would cut off her own head rather than be caught before the eyes of her neighbors. It's this way she came I am certain. Hello!"

He stooped suddenly and carefully examined some mark at his feet, in the softer portion of the path, then he straightened up triumphantly and squared his shoulders as he added, slowly and distinctly:

"It's this way without a doubt, and if you don't catch up with her before night, Jack King, you're not the fellow I've always taken you for. She don't get from Jack—not if she is where she's bound for—ere I have her. Oh, we'll meet again Miss Jane, and I think you will go where I can find you if I should pine for a glimpse of your face!"

Lightened by the certainty that he was on the right track, even though the woman was beyond doubt a good half-hour ahead of him, he plunged on into the bushes regardless of torn clothing or torn hands and feet. That it was likely to be a difficult matter to come up with her, he knew quite well, but with the determination to overtake her the man plunged along, stumbling, now and then falling, with a miracle of gymnastic exercise, now light-hearted at the certainty that he was upon her track, now plunged into despondency for fear she would catch some train ere he came up with her.

But despite these hopes and fears, he crossed to the thicket where George Chapman had stood, calling upon some companionship, in the flush of his manhood, and striking into the depths of the wood on the other side of it, he determined to overtake her, if he should be forced to walk every step in his pursuit.

When he emerged into Nyack he saw with his keen eyes that everything was as unconcerned and as quiet as before murder crept into its peace.

Jane Hardman might have gone that way and not been observed, he said to himself, but he would inquire, in a casual way, lest some friends of hers—if she possess such—might warn her of his following. It was long time ere he could find any one who saw her pass. Each and all were too much occupied with their own affairs to note even that strange woman passing through the village. She seldom went from home, and it should be remarked when she did so. But these cared too little for such a woman as her to note whether she were at home or abroad. Had they known upon what errand the hired man was bent they might have roused from their calmness and helped in the pursuit.

When he came to the platform at the station there was no one there but the station-master and a few idle loungers. He visited the platform and the waiting-room and every inch of space within sight with the same keen eyes of his, and not a sight of the woman could he get. He glanced in at the big clock upon the blank white wall of the waiting-room and started angrily back with a muttered exclamation.

He knew perfectly the arrival and departure of trains at this village. That she might have and should there be need for him to know train time, and as he glanced at this old, stupid, white-faced clock ticking stolidly and mocking as stupid blank white wall, he could have knocked it down in his disgust and disappointment. For the train that he hoped to catch passed through some ten minutes before, and there would be no other for Nyack in four long hours. What should he do? Return to the house and give up the search, and decide it was impossible to follow the woman until these four hours were up?

No. That would not be Jack King. He set his lips very determinedly and somewhat desperately over those short white teeth of his; he shrugged his shoulders with apparent unconcern, and sauntering up to one of the men leaning against the window of the ticket-office, inquired of the station master, a good-natured man, if he had seen old Hardman's niece go on the train just out. They wanted her up at the house, and as they could not find her there, and they knew she had thoughts of going on to Nyack, he had come to catch her if he could, should go. But the train was gone, of course! Yes! He feared that. And the woman had gone upon it?

One or two of the idlers sauntered up to learn what old Hardman's new man could wish at the station, for he was little likely to have so far train time upon that straitened farm. They were a rough set, but there was good in them, too, if one could but get upon the right side of them. He learned this during his winter's stay in the village.

They liked him. He was pleasant-spoken, and could tell a good story with a lively sense of humor as any man, and he could treat when he had the mind, for not a man there but was willing to "take a glass" at any time, if it happened to be at any other man's expense. So they liked him, and crowded about him to learn his errand, one of them catching his question, and rather curious to know what he could have to do with old Hardman's niece and what old Hardman's niece could have to do with going off on the train.

He joked with them for a moment or so, knowing that so he could best win their good temper, and although he was intensely eager to be upon his way he could, perhaps, afford to spare a moment in learning without doubt if the woman had gone. He took out a stick of tobacco which he carried for this purpose, for he never used it himself, and passed it around among them. Then, as carelessly as possible, as though it mattered not at all to him, he renewed his query regarding the woman. Did she go on the train? And was there no other under foot bound for Nyack? They would not like it at the farm if he went back and reported that he could not detain her.

The station-master shifted one foot over the other and leaned his weight on his hand in a thoughtful and very grave fashion. He eyed him for a moment with utter unconcern, and then he spoke slowly and deliberately expectorated and pulled his slouched hat lower over his face, he replied slowly that the woman had gone on that train.

"With two men," he added.

In spite of his self-control, John King started, but covered his agitation with a shrug and a laugh.

"Eloped, eh!" he asked recklessly, to please their fancy; but as they laughed in their rough fashion over this, he felt that he mastered under his breath with an added curse upon his carelessness:

"Gone, by Jove! And taken those two men with her!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE TRACK.

John King was a determined man. Perhaps he swore an oath or two over his own blindness and stupidity, in not having so placed watch over the woman as to prevent such an awkward occurrence as this. John King was the man to acknowledge to another his mistakes. It was his fashion to retrieve himself if he could; if not—he could. He did not, he determined now the course he should follow in pursuing the woman and her companions. He would get to town as fast as the fastest horses could take him, and he decided, too, with that close-shuttingness of his lips over his white teeth, that this should be pretty fast if he held the reins. Nothing—neither man nor horseflesh—should hinder his swift following; and John King knew enough about horses to be assured that he could secure a good team in a short time over the hard road between the village and the town.

He went to the livery-stable at once, leaving the proprietor to keep his idly curious tongue in his conversation. He said little there; he knew whom he could trust and whom he could not. This man was one of the keep his secret if he took him into his confidence. Very few words he used in making known his errand, and a glance at a card he showed proved to the liveryman that it was to his interest to do his best.

The liveryman ordered out the lightest buggy in the place and the team of freshest horses; and then, not satisfied with this, went himself to see that they were put in, and everything secure for a wild course over the road. He showed more excitement than the man with the keen eyes and the set mouth. He did his utmost for him, and earnestly wished the best of fortune to the chase that the Hardman's niece and the assistant in the terrible murder.

When the rig was ready John King sprang into the buggy and caught up the reins and, with a short word to the horses, went out of stable-yard at a lively pace, though still keeping within the limits which would rouse no surprise in the minds of the villagers. Once out of the place his hold of the lines grew tense and steady, and the animals, recognizing a master behind them, shot forward into the hard work and whirled him over the road at a pace they, perhaps, had never been called upon before to attempt.

Fences and barns and houses went reeling past like the swift changes in a kaleidoscope; the wheels spun round and round until the spokes ran round and blended mistily like the skein of a spider's web; there was no dust, but the rapid pace sent pebbles now and then flying from the road. The heads of the horses were down and their nerves well strung.

As they hurled along their coats grew darker and darker with the sweat; their faces flecked their mouths, but they were under the hand of a master and knew their duty. And John King, the detective, did not know that he saw, with whirled over this rough country road at a gait that stirred him even from his own grim thoughts.

No man with a trace of fondness for horseflesh could ride as he was riding, with those animals and not feel the blood freshen in his veins. They were one with him, inasmuch as they were obedient to a word or touch upon the reins; there was a whip, but little need of its use. And this reckless riding not only stirred his blood, but renewed his courage; and he was certain, his eyes set between the ears of his flying horses, that he would be successful.

The woman must accomplish her errand to the lawyer ere she could work any plans, for he knew enough of her to be certain that she had no money with her sufficient to take her away from the grasp of the law; and this she would be forced to make certain before she could go very far in her flight. That she could make her demand very reasonable to the lawyer he knew, no doubt; for this woman whom he was following, was still sharp enough to choose her words well when her safety was at stake.

He decided, going along, what course he should pursue should she have gotten clear of the town ere his arrival. The first thing for him was to make sure she did enter the town.

At the station he might learn whether, in such a woman left the train, for she was a woman to impress any one with her appearance. Then he must go to old Hardman's lawyer, make his complaint and the charge against her, and learn what amount she secured and if he possessed any clew as to her destination. After that—But he could decide upon nothing further until he knew that so far he was upon the right course.

He spoke to the horses sharply, and they pricked their ears and stretched their necks and strained their every muscle to increase their speed. They were not particularly overfed, and a good round meal might be acceptable to them; but they were willing and worked for this man as though they were from a stable where was given them the best of care and feeding. Better horses in their places, with better care and better blood in their veins, would undoubtedly have done speedier work at less loss to them; but these animals were doing their best.

The road was rough and long, the steep hills much against them; but in very good time they struck the town outskirts and dashed down the hill and upon the main street, King pulling them to a walk and carefully and slowly turned into the thicker portion of the town. The station was his first stopping-place, and he went immediately to make inquiries regarding the woman, describing her so accurately that no one having seen her could doubt her identity. But what was his disappointment at learning that, as far as any certainty went, such woman entered the town from any train that day.

Upon there, convinced that nothing was to be gained from the station hands either because the woman had in truth not come there or because she had bribed their silence, he went on to the lawyer's office in the heart of the town. Here he hoped to gain some clew upon which he might work; for he would not give up the search for a day yet, whatever the result, he orders being to take her, and take her he would, knowing her guilt.

The lawyer of old Hardman's was known to Frank Whitney, and it was through his recommendation John King secured the position upon the Hardman farm. The two lawyers had never met, but the one knew of the other by reputation, and Mr. Whitney knew of this man as associated with the hard old man.

When John King left the panting horses in charge of a boy at the door, ordering him to see that they were blanketed and walked slowly up and down during his stay inside, he went up to the lawyer's office with an assurance, the office boy declared indignantly afterward, as though he were a millionaire. He sent in his name and a message that his business was peremptory, and when, perhaps, informed by the boy of his appearance, which was undoubtedly anything but reassuring, the lawyer refused to see him, offering the plea of being particularly engaged, this cool John King, with a shrug of his shoulders, ordered the boy to return to his master and inform him that he was sent by Mr. Whitney—Mr. Whitney, the lawyer—and that he must and would see him at once, and that he, refusing to see him, would bear the consequences.

And the yet more astonished boy did as he was bidden, scarcely knowing himself why he should do so, but knowing that if he returned staying that his master would see him at once, this shrewd boy watched the man enter his master's office with such assurance, in spite of his appearance, he eyed him with unbounded amazement and, perhaps, a trifle more respect.

But of this John King thought little. His mind was bent upon his errand and the rapid transaction of the business that called him here. Every moment was precious. Every delay placed him so much behind in the accomplishment of his errand. He knew his power over this man and entered his office with the quiet assurance of one possessed of such knowledge, although there was nothing aggressive or unmanly in his manner or appearance. Even under his rough clothing he proclaimed the gentleman.

"You wish to see me upon some important business," suggested Mr. Whitney, rising as the lawyer, turning in his revolving chair toward this strange visitor and eyeing him sharply from under his heavy brows.

"I wish see you upon important business—yes," replied John King, calmly, not seating himself, as the lawyer motioned for him to do, but standing easily beside the desk, in his determination not to be hindered an instant longer than was necessary. "In one sense it is for Mr. Whitney, in another sense it is not."

His keen eyes were upon the other's lifted eyes. Both were shrewd men of the world. Both recognized that open dealing was best between them.

"You have a client, Josiah Hardman, who lived at Nanuet," said the detective, quietly.

The lawyer slightly nodded. The shrewd expression in his eyes deepened.

"I have a client, Josiah Hardman, who lives at Nanuet, yes," he replied. "Why do you speak of him in the past tense?"

"Because the man is dead," replied John King, calmly. "Old Hardman died this morning. I was with him at the time. I, and two other detectives, and Mr. Whitney, and a young lady."

"You are a detective?" demanded the other, interrupting him with a trace of discomfort.

"And how does it happen—"

"If you will have patience you shall hear in one moment what I have to say and why I am here in this disguise," was the detective's cool reply. "Old Hardman, as I said, died this morning in the presence of the witnesses I before he died he made such confession as betrayed him and his niece the murderers of your partner, with which Roy Hilton was implicated. His niece being complicated in the affair, as I have said—in fact, the greater criminal of the two—I am upon her track. She came here this morning for money!"

The other shook his head, but a pallor was upon his face as though he realized the extent of this discovery; as though he feared what more this man might know.

"You are certain that she has not been here?" demanded the detective, staring into the eyes upon the agitated face of the lawyer. "Or, not coming herself, that she did not send?"

"Wait," interrupted the other, raising his hand for silence. He spoke hurriedly, but there was no doubt of his truth. Even this keen man with his eyes upon him could not doubt that. "She did not come here herself, no, but she sent—"

Keen appreciation of the situation flashed into those sharp eyes, and a light was upon the quiet face of the man standing at the desk.

"She sent one of their hired men with an order, eh! She is a shrewd woman, this Jane Hardman! But she will not escape. What was her excuse for sending for the money—"

"How do you know she sent for the money?" demanded the lawyer quickly, as though he would have been glad to deny the fact.

"Because I have common sense enough to be certain she could not go far without money," was the cool rejoinder. "What was her excuse for sending for it, and what she give you any hint of where she could be found by letter or otherwise if there were need?"

"No," the lawyer said, and the man watching him was assured that he told the truth. "She sent this man, a big, burly, rough fellow enough, with a note asking for a large sum of money, saying as her reason for this that she had a large bill to meet upon short demand, and must have it. It was plausible enough, and I sent the amount. As to where she is bound, I have no more idea than yourself. And she then committed that murder—and he is dead and she gone— Well, well, Mr. King it's a strange world and stranger people in it! What will you do about the woman?"

"Follow her, of course," was the quiet reply, not a shade of turning over the quiet face. "I shall overtake her and the men before long. I think I can trace them now. I am obliged to you for your information. Good morning, sir."

He turned from the room as quietly as he entered, and passed from the building with that exasperating air of being worth so much, leaving the office boy a mark, and believing to the boy who was exercising the horses within sight of the entrance, he ordered them down to the station. It was this that set the boy a pretty fair compensation for this work, and returned to the station, determined upon the conduct of this big man who had so placed him off the scent.

Now the station was a large one; many trains with many passengers passed through during the day. At first it was a task to gather impossible for him to gain the faintest information which he desired; but presently he learned that a man who had seen such a woman leave the down train, yes, some hour or so earlier, and after some time the same man, or one after his image, boarded another train—one of the way trains that stopped at all the little stations—bound down also, if he remembered rightly.

At the ticket office he inquired what tickets for way stations had been sold for the accommodation train ahead, and after some delay and considerable suspicion—until he showed his card bearing his true name and calling—he was told that seven tickets for stations had been sold for that train, and securing the names of each of these, he bought a ticket for the nearest for himself, and waited with such patience as he could command for the next train to follow upon this, that he might be upon his way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THE LAST CAR.

He was firmly convinced that the woman went on to some farther station, either some way-station or to some large town, and was to wait there for her messenger for the money. Upon this he would, in all likelihood, part them off with a good price for silence—he knew the men well enough to be certain that they would demand a good price for that—and they would then doubtless separate. If it were easier to trace the men than the woman at first he would do so, by that means perhaps, gaining a clew that would lead to the ultimate finding of the woman.

Noon was past, so the detective while waiting ate a hearty meal in the station restaurant, knowing that it was impossible to foretell coming circumstances, and then resumed his promenade of the platform, smoking a cigar and considering the matter from all points.

He did not have long to wait, for the train he was to take came down the track and he boarded it, satisfied that again he was upon his way.

Way-trains stop longer at stations than an express, and he hoped to alight and make his inquiries and again board the train if the fugitives were gone on. Therefore when the brakeman called out "Grand View," he was the first to leave the train, and, making his way to the porter, inquired of him if such passenger or passengers left the forward train there.

But if he expected an immediate reply he was doomed to disappointment for, after glancing at him in some astonishment the man hurried away to offer his service to some one or two passengers who alighted after him, and John King, muttering an imprecation upon him and his stupidity, turned to the express-agent. He should see the porter later, for the persons alighting at that station; but then he seldom did know of the passengers from trains; there was enough to do to attend to his business upon that spot. Still undismayed, although the minutes were gone and the starting bell was ringing, John King made a last desperate attempt to rouse the station-master himself, whom he had been unable to detain when first alighting. This man too looked at him from his abstraction, and replied in the negative after slight hesitation. The train was going. With the bell clanging discordantly and the puff of steam suddenly silenced, the wheels began to turn and crawl over the track, quite unmindful that an agent of justice was frantically determined—under as quiet an exterior as rough usage could make common—to learn what he desired, and also to catch that train if he had to cling like a worm to the rear rail of the last car. Such persons he could be learned, rather crisply but to the point, that no such person, to his certain knowledge, had come upon the platform at that station.

There was nothing about the man or in his manner of reply to waken suspicion of his truth and John King, thinking of the one thing in his favor, dashed off a short despatch to the next small station; this, with a blank note into the man's hand, ordered him carefully to have a team ready and once, with stern emphasis upon these words; and then with a run and a spring he caught at a railing of the rear car and, shouted at by the brakeman and the station-master for his daring, scrambled upon the steps and swung himself upon the platform of the train, gathering speed, opened its iron throat in a wild scream and dashed along the rails and around the curve out of sight of the staring station-master, who he regretted, he guessed enough to know what was expected of him.

(To be Continued.)

Vict'ry's Divorcement.

The Temples' cook was from the country, and it was the same old story of Dinah's southern life that she was such a good cook.

She explained it very lucidly: "Laws, I know heap on'y I done forgot it."

Evidently, at some period in her life, she had cooked for a table of some pretensions. Every now and then, a most unexpected accomplishment would shoot into admiration. Thus, on once she broke out: "My marster! Mis' Temple, fo' de lawd, dat ar cream sass er yours, I'd ought to turn right out my ole mistuss' white sass 'cept like you all don' putt no cream in yours. But ye cripses de butter jes de same."

Another time, "Scallop isters? I pintedly kin, Mis' Temple. Allers done scallop de isters fo' ole Miss."

Mrs. Temple suggested a number of new viands to Mrs. Temple—generally from the frying-pan, but toothsome and delicate.

She brought home, one fall with her, a slim, brown lad of fourteen, who wished to make better than we feared from his first appearance, at which he brushed the crumbs off with a breath from the kitchen behind. He was his mother's pet and, considering that fact, a marvellously good darky, almost industrious and the best waiter we had ever seen.

We were not long in discovering Aunt Victory's history. One evening we found her at the kitchen door, reading Uncle Remo and the slate, plainly getting a lesson.

"Why, Aunt Victory, can read!" said Mrs. Temple.

"Ge'm," with a smirk of modest pride, while Reme added, "Maw, she kin read a right smart. I learned her."

"How nice! Then you can read the Bible!"

Up went Aunt Victory's braids in a toss: "Laws, Mis' Temple, I's outer de Bible an' inner de newspaper."

"And I writes fo' the newspapers," says Reme with an indescribable air of haughtiness.

"He does so," said his mother. "Ain't you never seen de Mosaic Temple?" We admitted our ignorance. "Well, he does write reg'lar fo' dat."

"And you like it?"

"Yes, ma'am, I like living in the city. But maw likes de country best."

"Yes'm, yes'm. You all got mighty gran' house yere, but gimme de kentry!"

She was one of those nut-brown Africans that have hair long enough to be braided; to-night, her head was covered with a red bandanna, drawn out square-cornered back of her ears, giving her a very picturesque effect to the sight. Flinging herself forward on the table with a supple, sinuous motion that few negroes get out of their joints, she leaned her head, her open palm of one hand, above the bent elbow; and as she talked this sphinx-like head rolled in her hand like a ball in a cup. "Oh, de country! Ole mistuss! fel's sot fo' red birds dat comes a peck-peckin' at de winder an' de darkies a snatchin' cotton, an' sech a heap er things! Oh, de kentry is de pleasantest! I tell timersome in de city, got t' cyar' Reme longer me if I goes out in de night. But in de kentry, I reckon I can frum ar' t' I got my two mules, Mis' Carrol give me. Las' year de two dis did make five hundred dollars. Done so! When I paid out t' de sto' dar ben hunderd an' fifty-five dollars outen t' I'm."

"An' it all ben stole!" interrupted Reme in a lugubrious tone.

"Ever you mind de 'bout dat, Reme Sanders! Dat come longer havin' no purtecter, dat hucome dat."

A more sullen look than I had ever seen on Reme's handsome brown face answered this speech. He pushed back his chair, muttering something about going to the office, quite with the manner of a man who so snubbed himself out of the lesson or further conversation. Rather to our surprise his mother made no effort to detain him.

"My, my!" she gurgled in the negro fashion, swaying herself to and fro, "dat boy cayn't ha' a word bout me needin' a man t' look out fo' me. Now an' ag'in I tell him, 'Ef you ain't wont have a word t' say fo' a whole day. He's tempered jes' like he paw; sulks twel he gits ole t' I."

I asked Aunt Victory if Reme's father was dead. "Laws, no," said she.

"He's he left you?" said Mrs. Temple.

"He has dat."

"And doesn't Reme want you to let him come back?"

Aunt Victory rubbed her right ear against her right shoulder with a coquettish gesture, and for the first time I realized that, according to the darkey's standard, she was being woman. "Well, sir! why, Miss Freddy, 'tain't my ole man, Reme 'jecta to, 'cos not! Hit am de torrer gentleman."

We were too used to negro morality to either feel or show any particular surprise. But it seemed decent to inquire whether the departed husband was divorced from her. "No, of course he was not, that was why she had come to the Rock—as the Arkansans call Little Rock.

"I gwine get a divorcement fo' fo'ty dollar de lawyer man say," she explained, "done gun 'im t'rity dollar a'ready. Den I go back t' de kentry. I pintedly does crave t' be in de kentry agin."

"But it's such hard work, Victory!" I suggested, loath to see a promising cook depart.

"Hard wuk! Taint nuffin t' de stove wuk. Gimme my hoe an' my row I'se happy. An' laws, Missy, it do pear like I cayn't brew in dis yere shut-up town. Ain't no sunshine yere. I does love de sunshine. All culled folks jes natchelly drinks up de sun."

It was easy to learn her story when she was in such a mood. Sitting at ease, alone with us, in the kitchen (for Manda, the chamber-maid, was at a colored ball), she poured out her whole humble tragedy.

The ole Miss who had "raised" her and taught her to cook, had died. After her death, she married a negro and they went to "making a crop" on the plantation. This negro, Lige by name, accepting her picture, was a very decent man. "I'ent never seen de like er Lige t' wuk. He raise de finest crop on de place, an' he cyar so much mischief wid t' too, I does jes' be lafin' all de time. An' he done ben pintedly kind t' me, I says dat fo' him, an' nev' did fault his victuals. Allers so good t' my cookin' w'en we all has a festival or a log rollin'! Yas'm, we did give a festival onct an' made ten dollars." Perhaps I should explain that negro festivals are purely private affairs, wherein hospitality is exercised at a profit instead of expense, since the thrifty host sells the refreshments, after which is dancing at less pious houses and games at the houses of "professors."

At log rollings, however, the dinner is provided by the host. The log rollers clear the ground of felled trees, which they collect in heaps, for burning.

As Victory's memory recalled the days of her past domestic joys and social triumphs, we could see that she was moved.

"Yas'm, Lige nev' did give me ha'sh wuds. Nev' did raise his hand agin me"—so she continued, rocking her supple body to and fro—"onlies' twice he done hit me. Once, he ben drunk, den he did be so fond er coon an' possum huntin'. Mos' de onlies' time I ever given him a pint-bottle hand time ben de time he 'sisted dat gwine 'possum huntin' an' whilst he ben gone dat boy, my fustis chile, ben bawn. Oh, I tell ye, Lige ben mighty good t' me by dat! He did jes' cry out loud; an' he name dat baby Remorse, he did, kase t' bar 'im in mine allus, an' he didn't go 'possum huntin' fo' a terrible long spell, not twell I say I kinder crayin' possum meat, myself. Oh, he did ben a good man t' me. I'se sorter highstrung an' feery an' w'en de stove didn't bake right, or t' rain, washday, or my fingers git so numb pickin' cotton dat I cayn't sew like I uster, why, I does be sorter ill like; yes, laws, he jes' lay an' coax it outer me. Den de tower two chillen came an' die." Her face changed and quivered. "He ben mighty kind to me dem time," she said. For a little space

NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head in its worst stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many of the most distressing and annoying symptoms of Catarrh, such as head ache, partial deafness, loss of smell, taste, smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, have been relieved in a few days. Ordinary cases of recent origin are cured by one application. If you are troubled with any of these distressing symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00).

FULFORD & CO.
Brockville, Ont.

NEVER FAILS CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. (Limited) Montreal.

Redpath

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED GOLDEN SYRUP 2 LBS NET

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Groccrs.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

she was silent, then with a hardening of her mellow voice she went on:

"We got on fine fo' a spell. Me an' Lige, we una done ben raised by white folks—we aint no niggers. We done wuk hyard an' 'sess a heap o' goods, an' live so happy an' feel so proud—not biggoty, jes' honest proud—twell—My Lawd!" a look of anguish keen enough to startle us, came over her face, while the swift flow of her words was broken by a sudden sob and she covered her face with her hands and screamed, "O my Lawd, he lef' me! He done taken up wid a nigger 'oman!"

Then as suddenly, she lifted her head, dried her eyes, and said: "But by'n-by Lige he get tired o' her. He ben raised by white folks, an' he come a beggin' back to me to take 'im in!"

"And you took him back?" asked Mrs. Temple.

The sphinx-like head was reared again with indescribable pride. Victory's grandfather was an African prince, she told us, once, and I can all believe her.

"Me taken him back! Mis' Temple, I ben raised by white folks. He lef' me fo' a black nigger; I never take him back!"

"But how did he happen to do such a wicked thing?" said Kate Temple.

"How I know!" sullenly, "she live down de riber, where he go 'possum huntin', an' she gayly young ting an'—an' dey call her mighty harnsome; an', some way, she 'tice him off. He had been too ashamed to come nigh me; but he sen' wud dat he give me the mules an' ever'ting, cep' only hundred dollars he have at de sto'. An' so he light out. But he nev' did get no satisfaction livin' wid her. She cudn't no mo' cook a meal o' victuals dan she cud make me pickled cotton, an' she taken t' gain' on mighty bad wid torner niggers; so dey pahted an' Lige came straight t' me. Mis' Thompson, he say Lige done make mighty sho' he git me back. Huh—Huh!"

I somehow inferred from her conscious air that Thompson was the other man in the case. I asked her and she admitted that he was, "he was a mighty pleasant, good man," a preacher with a gift for prayer, and all the sisters admired him.

I said: "But didn't it ever occur to you, Victory, that Mr. Thompson might be a prejudiced witness against Sanders?"

"How dat, Miss?"

"He wants to marry you himself, you know; mightn't he tell lies about Lige?"

"No'm, dat's a plumb nuff dat man. Dar ain't no sich prayin' like his'n in de kentry. He done hab a revival er ligion sence he come."

"But Sanders' he another witness against you?" said Kate, who had cynical notions about negro pastors.

"Dat jes' Reme's meanness!" declared Aunt Victory vehemently. "Brer' Thompson an' awar t' me dat jes' de talk o' dem ornery pusillanimous niggers in Dogtown, dat wudn't give nuffin t' de sin'ch. Me an' Reme, we give five dollars. Dat Reme, he is a good boy, but I'se consarned about him, kase he won't go t' meetin's nur t' ch'ch nur nuffin an' says dat Mis' Thompson ain't a mor'l man. He is prejdeeced, dat all. Mis' Temple. Dat story 'bout Sal Miller ain't got wud o' truff in it. She got t' awar dat ar baby on somebuddy, an' so she taken po' Brer' Thompson dat ain't skacely pahted lips wid her. He say he skacely seen her. Ain't nare critur 'cept Amis Sanders does believe it. An' he believe anything on earth agin Brer' Thompson. I knows Reme; jes' ainin' de plumb wile, 't git me take his paw back!"

"But could you? Would he come?" said my artful friend.

Victory's great eye flashed. "He done come ev'ry month, ober t' see me frum Newport, in de cyars, an' walk out six miles, fo' seben months jahd wid me!" said Victory, "look like he ain't jectin'."

"Don't you think you could forgive him?"

Victory's handsome face hardened again. "De Lawd time t' a' him, 't Lige Sanders. I ain't gwine take you back fo' my husband twell de sun drop! You git outer my house! Dat how I talk t' him. An' he jes' laff an' come wid Reme. Nex' time, I says, 'I don't want no wuds wid ye, Mist' Sanders. But I let him come in an speak wid Reme, kase he did set a heap o' store on Reme, an' Reme on him. An' by-me-by he got t' stayin' longer an' den Reme wud hab him stay t' dinner. An' Mist' Thompson he jes' make his brages ev'ry dat, an' he jes' turnin' my mine t' him. Dat rile me. But de las' w'hen he come, he done shaved his beard and look so like de Lord t' Barrisdat fo'—she flung out a clinched hand to strike her breast furiously — "something hot come up, dar, mindin' me o' all dem times I gedder an' de li'le dead chillen an' dat I ben fah choked. So I hilt my hand mighty boyish like, an' marched outer de house, nev' passin' a wud wid him. An' de nex' day I done come in de house an' al t' Brer' Thompson fo' him an' norrer culled man wot batches t'gedder, t' keep twell I come back, an' I drawed out my money dat I got t' t' de sto'; an' I come on yeere. I done prommus Mist' Thompson I git a divorcement from Lige."

"And promised him, I daresay, to marry him afterward," said I.

But Victory drew herself up, proudly. "No'm, I doesn't go so easy. I only done prommus git divorcement fum Lige. I show Lige I don't nebber furgive him!"

We both surmised that it was more anger against the erring Lige than love for Thompson (whom we unreasonably disliked) that was at the bottom of Victory's motives.

From this time our sympathies were entirely with the husband. Reme declared that Thompson stole his mother's money. He knew about the hiding place. "She wrapped it in house an' all t' Brer' Thompson fo' him an' norrer culled man wot batches t'gedder, t' keep twell I come back, an' I drawed out my money dat I got t' t' de sto'; an' I come on yeere. I done prommus Mist' Thompson I git a divorcement from Lige."

"And promised him, I daresay, to marry him afterward," said I.

But Victory drew herself up, proudly. "No'm, I doesn't go so easy. I only done prommus git divorcement fum Lige. I show Lige I don't nebber furgive him!"

We both surmised that it was more anger against the erring Lige than love for Thompson (whom we unreasonably disliked) that was at the bottom of Victory's motives.

From this time our sympathies were entirely with the husband. Reme declared that Thompson stole his mother's money. He knew about the hiding place. "She wrapped it in house, where she hid it," says Reme with indignation, "but she owned up she told him."

There had been suspicions of Thompson, it appeared, in regard to some church moneys that were in his hands. Oh yes, Reme admitted, he had paid the money back, but not until after they had lost their little board.

"I knows maw, she sets store by paw, still," said Reme, "but this fellow talks so smooth he fair bewitched her. I did write to her where we ben, and I'm hopin' he'll git round. I sent him all the money maw let me keep outer my wages and my grips."

The grips, I suppose, were Reme's tips, which he received on various occasions.

"Maw'll git her divorcement in two weeks, she says." Reme went on gloomily, "and she lows to go back t' the country right straight, but I ain't going with her if you all will keep me."

Reme's prediction came true. With a profusion of thanks for our kindness, Victory gave us warning. She was going back to the weeks to her own house. We couldn't complain as far as we were concerned, especially as she had hunted up a new cook of great gifts in sauces and salads (according to her former employer), neat, industrious, indeed lacking little of perfection except a good temper.

Reme, on this official confirmation, as it were, of his fears, became a walking mine of gloom. It was at this period that he broke a Royal Worcester plate and three cut-glass wine glasses, all of which, of course, just slipped from his hands while he "wasn't doing nothing." His misery over the wreck was such that Kate hadn't the heart to scold him.

It came to us later and laughed at Kate not to take any money out of his wages, due the next day.

"Maw she said you'd keep 'most all," he whimpered, "cause they're the nicest kind of dishes and cost a terrible sight, she says. But if you'd please not tell this month, I'll sure work for you, all next month."

Kate reassured him. She wasn't going to take his money, but why was he so anxious to have the wages this month?

Then Reme confessed that his father was in town, and so was Mr. Thompson.

"And Thompson, he's all fixed up," cried Reme, "out of our money. In a black preacher coat and a silk hat. Oh, he looks mighty fine. But paw does look pint-blank gaishly. You see, Mrs. Temple, he did ben sick ever sence he went home the last time, and the house where he ben burned down and he lost his good clothes and ever' cent er money, and now he's come here, all ragged, ainin' to git work and some clothes and raise it up to maw. And I don't want maw t' see him all in his rags, and Thompson strutting round in his high hat. So I was reckoning I'd buy him some clothes."

We sympathized with Reme, but as it turned out our sympathy came to naught.

Either Victory's lawyer got the divorce sooner than he expected, or Victory herself found the money sooner: anyhow, a few evenings later, Kate came to me to say that Thompson was calling on Victory. I at once wanted to look at a new experiment in puddings, left in the "cold closet," to reach which one must pass through the kitchen.

True enough, there sat a smug-faced, six-foot negro, gleaming all over, in a black broadcloth, with a gorgeous gold watch chain and dazzling linen.

Victory would not let us pass without introducing him.

It was at this moment that there came a timid kind of half-hearted knock at the door.

Victory opened it and absolutely staggered back. "My Lawd! Lige!" she screamed, "what's got ye?"

Lige indeed it was, and a forlorner spectacle than he presented is difficult to picture. He looked sick and wretched and his clothes were no better than rags. What a contrast to the resplendent Thompson!

"Yes, Vict'ry, it's me," said poor Lige, "I know I aint fit t' come t' see ye in sich close, but I did wanter see ye so bad!"

All Victory said was, "Mymy! mymy! Lize!"

By this time—for half unconsciously Victory had opened the door—Lige had stumbled into the circles of light. He saw Thompson. As if by magic, his wretchedness went from him; his limp form straightened; head erect and eyes burning, he shook his fist at the preacher.

"You black nigger! Is you darin' come 'twixt me an' my wife?"

Mandy, who was on the other side of the table, an admiring listener to Brother Thompson's eloquence, jumped up with a scream.

"You hush!" said Victory quietly, "don't ye be skeered up, Mandy, he won't do no harm!" She turned herself to Lige with actual dignity. "Wo' you tek'n 'bout Mist' Sanders? Not me. I aint no wife er yourn. I got my bill o' divorcement dis very day."

Lige gasped. The tears rose to his eyes.

"Onyhow, she ain's almin' to demean herself to a low-down, trampin' nigger like you," said Thompson, from his glistening height of broadcloth. "Miss Victory loves I. I become the bride of a gentleman in the perfession—"

A swift blow from Lige's fist knocked the rest of the sentence out of time.

Like a tiger, Lige flew at the white shirt bosom and the gorgeous watch chain. But, weakened by illness, he was no match for the brawny preacher who knocked him half across the kitchen.

Manda tittered.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Temple, "Victory! stop!" Heeding her no more than the wind as Lige, bleeding but undismayed, dashed again at Thompson, Victory herself flung the child toward flight over Thompson's unsuspecting head, pulling from behind with such force and fury that, thus harassed in the rear, he made a sudden leap and all three went down together, under Lige's onslaught.

"Git you' razor, Lige!" shrieked Victory. "Kase let my husband 'lone or he cut you wid a razor!"

I believe that it was quite as much the bewildering effect of Victory's conduct as Mrs. Temple's commands that sent a calm on the turmoil.

Thompson crawled to his feet and glared at Lige, also on his feet, threatening a return, while Victory panted, supporting herself by the table, and Mandy called on the police out of the dining-room door as if they were hidden upstairs.

Reme's appearance at this moment rather helped the confusion, since he supposed the house to be afire, and came to the water faucets.

"What does all this mean, Victory?" Kate demanded, as soon as she had suppressed Mandy.

"Hit mean dat I aint 'gwine hab no black nigger sass my husband!" answered Victory. "Mist' Thompson, sah, I bids you good-day, fo' ever mo'. An' I bilebes ever' wud Reme done tell me gin ye," she cried spitefully.

"I shall have to ask you to leave, too," added Kate.

In vain Thompson begged Victory to think of the past and her promises.

"I didn't prommus you marry," cried Victory in high wrath; "I nev' said like I'd marry you; I said I'd git a divorcement fum Lige; an' a big fool I ben t' do it; but I done it."

"Maybe," snarled the goaded Thompson, "you didn't prommus you'd never take Lige Sanders back fo' your husband—"

"Well, I ain't taken him back," came the reply, with a toss of Victory's head and a roll of Victory's eyeballs; "fo' de Lawd, I gwine marry him fresh. Dat what I gwine do!"

"Lawd bless you, Victory!" cried Lige, "I sho' did reckon you turn me loose w'en ye see me in dem po' ragged cloes an' him so fat an' sassy."

"Yes, on de money he stole from us!" shouted Reme, who was for having his oar in the matter.

"Lige you a fool sho'!" retorted Victory; "ain't I jes' ben had my hairt turned t' ye longer dem po' cloes de minnit I seen ye, yo' de look so distressed w'en ye begum a pickin' on ye, looked like I cudn't bar de sight er him."

"Oh laws, Vict'ry!" gasped Lige.

Thompson gave his former mistress a murderous glance; but he fished his hat from under the table and muttering a kind of apology to Mrs. Temple went out with Mandy.

Perhaps Mandy consoled him. Kate and I thought it well to follow his example, by ourselves. There is nothing more to say except that on the following Wednesday Aunt Victory baked her own wedding cake.—*N. Y. Herald.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Berkshrak and Sugarplum.—See first part of answer to Gingerbread.

Easter Lily.—See answer to G. W. J. How could you ask so insane a question?

Chlor.—I could not give you a character delineation. Wait till your hand is more formed.

L. M. F.—Writing shows good sensibility and sympathy, tact, reverence, a little fickleness, hopefulness, want of concentration. See first answer to C. F. E.

W. G. F.—Writing shows good sense, energy, stiff-stem tenacity, rather a practical mind. not much given to study and fond of fun. easily self-secured. Beware!

Barney.—Honesty, self-will, great deliberation, fondness of luxury, a little slothful, humorous, slightly given to dissonance. Aren't you a grumbler, Barney?

I. B.—Bad's Economist is recommended. Practice makes perfect. Writing shows impulse, affection, ambition, a little caprice, some intuition, order, and nervous energy.

Lou.—I know several who have done so 2. Writing shows deliberation, decision, want of perseverance, strong affection, some intuition, love of home and great loyalty to friends.

Proof.—Writing shows decision, lack of ideality, intuition, self-esteem, determination, some generosity, strong feeling. I should think a hearty, healthy tone, and the making of a good friend.

W. N. K.—Your writing shows a slow and deliberate mind, perseverance, a disposition to despond, strong affection, a little temper, little taste for art, some generosity, lack of tact and sympathy.

G. H. W.—1. Writing shows preseverance, uprightness and some caution, no ideality, and not much originality, reserve and want of sympathy. 2. I should judge not. 3. See answer No. 2 to G. W. J.

Jack.—Precision, contentment, self-esteem, conscientiousness, hopefulness, some intuition, perhaps a little narrowness and a good deal of caution in a mishage. Not a nice pen on to unload a practical joke upon.

Heavens.—1. Hasty, impetuous, quick-tempered, capricious, having fits of supplication succeeding by times of mental laziness. 2 No. If growing from a fair color to red it will probably darken itself.

R. S. W. P.—Writing shows much originality, self-esteem, candor, no intuition, a liking for economy, but not great self denial. See answer to Easter Lily. I am surprised at three presumably sensible girls asking such silly things.

Pronsty.—Writing shows love of beauty, gentleness of disposition, deliberation, good nature, enthusiasm, determination, candour, no impulse, conscientiousness. I should think you would be a pleasant person to get along with, Pegotty.

Cabo.—Writing shows impatience, strong will, no intuition, a little temper, lack of culture though much originality. I should think you would be disposed to overrule rather than pardon, though there are touches of justice and kindness.

Kitty Clover.—The second quotation you did not give correctly, thereby occasioning me some trouble in finding it. It is the second third line of Tennyson's Bir Galahad: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

Thalia.—You are original, determined, not very patient, disposed to prejudice, hasty but generous, with good ability, and probably successful in music. Try and cultivate the gentler part of your nature, and make of yourself a very I reable woman.

Lee.—Writing denotes generosity, amiability, business qualities, a tendency to exaggeration, great assiduity and perseverance, no great intellectuality, but good judgment. I should fancy a stir-up liking for the good things of life, would probably make an excellent candidate for matrimony.

D. G. S.—Writing shows love of female society, and susceptibility, great intuition, some ideality, generosity, artistic taste, probably also fondness for music, no great determination, prone however to be influenced by those you love, a little fickleness, a good hand with some beautiful lines.

Evelyn of Detroit.—Your study is rather short for delineation. It shows decision, talent, a little caprice and indecision, no temper, uprightness, generosity to those you love, but little care for strangers. You would excel a good friend from a friend and not feel like making concessions gracefully.

Gingerbread.—Will you not let me wait until it is more developed? A correct opinion is very important sometimes like the company manners of a child. There are promises of upright, generous, unselfish womanhood in it; also, I think, I can say you are fond of pretty things and sweet sounds, and you are good-natured.

Iris.—Writing shows loyalty, truth, reserve, some ideality, but not enough to make a practical turn of mind, an affectionate disposition, but one which might easily become exacting, and offended would be long in forgiving. One very homely formation I find in the way you cross your t's after an o, it seems to me to spoil a very interesting study.]

Little Lady Bug.—1. I have known such cases, and would advise you to consult a medical man. Eyelashes should be looked after, they are easier to lose than grow again. 2. Writing denotes kindness, truth, order, prudence, not very great force of character. I shall be very glad to hear from you and answer your question.

Hard Up.—Your study denotes impatience, great originality, a hasty temper, decided love of the beautiful, probably some ability in art, some application, perseverance. I please me—though you are decided, exacting, capricious and prone to rebel against the goods the gods provide you; but you are a good girl and will be sorry for it.

G. W. J.—1. Writing shows some aptitess for artistic studies, great frankness, a large and generous nature, not much concentration, amiability and humour. I do not be prised at your asking such a question. This is not a fortune-telling establishment. He will probably look considerable of a fool. Most men do on that occasion.

H. B.—Writing shows proneness to exaggerate, a generous temper, not too fond of creature comforts, quick to apt and observant, even talented, but likely to miss the greatest good by false reckoning or want of energy. I have rarely seen a more lazy hand! It was a pity to let this defect get in the way and turn success to failure.

Poppy.—Writing shows good temper, easiness, good judgment, small ideality, some fickleness in opinion, the decided preservance in action, a reliable, true character, probably of strong religious convictions, a very rare, with decided notions of right and wrong, and sterling principles. If one is a true graphologist it is impossible to flatter, Poppy!

W. C. D. B.—Great endurance and pluck under strain, some generosity, little appreciation of the softer side of life, no great connected ideas, some reverence, but not lofty ideals I should say that "once caught forever remained" would be applicable to you. Your affection, by your writing, would, when once aroused, be large, sincere and lasting.

Friend.—1. I have quite forgotten your first letter, if I refused to answer it it must have been pretty bad. As you don't repeat your question, perhaps your own good sense has pointed out what was the matter. Your writing denotes want of imagination, fickleness, some talent, a little exaggeration, no ideality. It is not a very satisfactory graphological study.

May.—1. Glycerine, if it agrees with your skin. A good plan to have a bottle of glycerine, and almond meal and washing your hands, dip them in the bowl and pat gently till dry with a soft towel. Writing shows tenacity of purpose, great precision and good temper. Your remarks on the capitals are not in good taste and, though clear, the writer is to be sympathized and studied to be handled.

E. M. W.—1. See first answer to C. T. F. 2. Your writing shows want of ideality and perception, sufficient application, rather a pessimistic nature, a little caution, honesty, reserve and a tendency to spend your efforts in unprofitable undertakings. It is a singularly ungracefully, stiffly, ungracefully formed hand, indicative of stiffness and line, as no doubt one would miss some femininity or attractive foolishness from yourself.

Benjamin.—1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Your own writing shows great benevolence and expansiveness, though you may be peculiar in your way of doing good, an easy temper, a persistent nature though not a constant heart, a want of order and of method, impatience of control. You would never live a prim and formal existence, something would have to break! You have many friends, and you are happy in their good opinion.

Rosa.—Your writing shows decided originality and talent, some self-esteem, a choleric temperament, though I think you have great self-control. I think you are apt to judge hastily and be a little severe on others, but you are perseverring, and will probably succeed in the face of difficulties that would daunt others; also, you are decided, separate, constant. You have strong likes and dislikes, and probably have some ruling taste or pursuit—I think an enabling one!

Eugene of Detroit.—Your first letter was not received at this office. Probably the value of the enclosure tempted some unscrupulous sinner. It being in American money it would make it more of a curiosity here. Considering the important tone of your letter I decline to make any graphological study for you. My outlay of time and knowledge on your behalf would, at least, have to be paid for. I am sorry you have any. I make you a present of a copy of this week's issue.

Madge.—Writing denotes self-reliance, enterprise, kindness, restful effort, some artistic taste, cleverness. You are probable popular among your friends, and you are a little prone to pressure upon them. Your "domestic cares" are by you pronounced swans to the outside world, no matter what color or kind they are. I have, naturally, never used the preparations you inquire about, but I think, from what complexions themselves, but the preparations have a good reputation, and cost enough to be good.

Gurlfd.—I find in your handwriting persistence, generosity, a wide intelligence, decision, a good deal of pride, but of rather an excited kind. I do not think you could commit a mean action. Perhaps you are a little lofty and self-opinionated, also decided! Independent, I should care to anger you and if you were my friend I should rather look up to you. You ask my opinion of your writing. I don't always care to give it, but in this case I should I have already insinuated that it is of the most attractive. Its worst lack is gentleness and ideality.

Emma.—1. Your handwriting is not very satisfactory, as you have evidently used a bad pen, not half of your letters begin and end. 2. I can decipher it but with difficulty, frankness, candor, a fair amount of talent, perhaps musical, but I can not judge fairly from the study sent. (There is only one capital letter to study, that of your name, I suppose.) I am also a good deal of happy-go-luckyism. 2 I should not think there was anything strikingly interesting about you, but circumstances may have combined to make you narrow. You are soft fleshy generous, and are you not also a little bit fond of a good dinner?

C. F. E.—I could not answer you before your turn. A good many ask to be answered "next Saturday," but they want until another week birds are scarce. Writing shows force of will, impulse, temper, originality, no ideality, little tact, sincerity, prejudice, impatience, want of careful perception, a character which, carefully pruned, trained and disciplined would become very worthy of admiration; without that the defects will overshadow the good. I have been much interested in studying it. Something seems to attract me. Have you not some special charm, which I find but cannot give a name to?

Pickle and Spice.—These studies are shockingly blotted. You should not be so careless, you two! Writing shows good shows ability, honesty, originality, candor, but is spoiled by a careless, reckless impulse and untidy and indifferent style, no ideality, decision, want of perseverance, strong nature, but apt to wound by too plain speech. Spice has so smeared and blotted the second study, beside being so very short, that it makes me crow. It shows perversity, idleness and want of order, also constancy, no intuition, and self-conceit. I am tired of looking at its crooked scrawliness. If you want a thorough delineation send a more perfect.

Caleb Vonsvoky.—1. The best business and most healthy city in Mexico is Monterey. 2 C. P. R. and Wabash to St. Louis, Iron Mountain route to Texas, and Texas Pacific to Longview, International and Great Northern to Laredo, Mexican International to Monterey. Trains all connect. Writing denotes concentration, energy, kindness to human nature, hopefulness, great imagination, unusual buoyancy, expansiveness and love of the beautiful. I should say some fondness for the opposite sex and appreciation of the good things of this world. A character which held in check by prudence and balanced by common sense, would be most successful.

Starlight.—1. Pitman's is generally followed. 2. The Remington and Caligraph are the best. 3 Write to College of Commerce, Bengough & Warriner, Yonge street, or Barker & Spence, King street, E. "Dark" brown. It shades

RECAMIER CREAM

for the complexion has no equal as a beautifier. It contains nothing that would hurt the skin of an infant. Adelina Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Fanny Davenport, Lillie Langtry, Agnes Booth, Modjeska, and hundreds of other leading artistes of the world after a thorough trial have enthusiastically indorsed Recamier Cream.

Ladies will find Recamier Cream a perfect emollient for the Skin. Apply it at night and wash it off in the morning. It is not a cosmetic. $1.50 per jar at all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

Yes, my little dear, and so do thousands of other mammas.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington Street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Beautifully decorated oil finished Splashers 9c. each, worth 25c. Nickle-plated Dime Banks 19c., worth 25c. The most elegant assortment Brass and painted Bird Cages—Brass, 99c. up to $2.75, worth from $2 up to $5; painted, 48c. up to $1.25, worth from 75c. to $2.50. 1 lb. package best mixed Bird Seed, with cuttle bone, 7c., usually 10c. to 15c. Best made Oil Shades, plain or decorated complete with Hartshorn spring roller and pull, 49c. The Royal Canadian Clothes Wringer, 11 inch or large size, $2.99, worth $4. Best make of Wash Tubs, 4 sizes, 48c., 55c., 69c. and 79c. Rattler Zinc Washboard 10c., Globe 19c.

Send for catalogue and price list of every department.

Excursion to Washington on April 27th, 1891, via Erie Ry and Lehigh Valley Ry.

A grand trip to the south and via the picturesque route of United States and passing through the cities of Mauch Chunk, Philadelphia and Baltimore. You can also have the pleasure of witnessing the horse races in Washington, which commence on April 28. Only ten dollars round trip Suspension Bridge to Washington. Tickets good for ten days, and can be purchased at Erie ticket office, Suspension Bridge. For further fine full particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

More Appropriate.

Mrs. Homily (after church)—How did you come to preach on backsliding, dearest? You said at breakfast that you were going to preach your sermon on profanity.

Rev. Dr. Homily—I had intended to, my dear; but my collar button got down my neck when I was dressing for church.

The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet.

A lady novelist writes: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the seething water, and with the other shouted loudly for help, which came not."

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

The Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street, beg to announce that they have opened up the latest novelties in spring dress goods, silks, etc. We cordially invite you to inspect the very latest in Parisian millinery, jeweled trimming and other novelties.

Highly Accomplished.

Deacon Hardscrabble—An'how's yournephew gettin' along in college, squire?

Squire Oatcake—Purty well, I guess. Th'last time I was in town I noticed that he could eat in French, smoke in Spanish, and drink in German.

St. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

SPRAINS, STRAINS, INJURIES.

It is an erroneous idea to suppose that great force is required to produce a strain or sprain. There are so many delicate muscles and tendons which hold together the ankles and feet, and direct the vehicle of locomotion, that a very slight thing often causes not only a very painful, but a very serious sprain, which St. Jacobs Oil will cure

Surely and Perfectly.

Weak Joints.—A large number of cases is reported of accidents to the ankle or foot, more than to all the rest of the body. The knee is also a very delicate centre of action, and injuries thereto very frequently result in acute pains, enlargements, stiffness, and sometimes permanent stiffness, unless St. Jacobs Oil prevents, and its

Best Cure for Chronic Cases.

Definition.—Sprain or strain is to weaken, as a joint or muscle, by sudden and excessive exertion; to stretch muscles or ligaments without dislocation, and St. Jacobs Oil cures

Easily and Without Recurrence.

Treatment.—Rub with St. Jacobs Oil freely and thoroughly the part affected. Protect the body from cold and draft.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

INVIGORATING

LAVENDER SALTS

REQD.

Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious Perfume, "Crab Apple Blossom," of the Crown Perfumery Co., should procure also a bottle of their "Invigorating Lavender Salts." By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume emanates, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.

Made only by HILL

Crown Perfumery Co., 172 New Bond St., London.

Genuine only with Crown Stoppers as shown above.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE"

THOMSON'S Glove-fitting "D" CORSET

Trade Mark.

The Perfection of Shape, Finish and Durability.

Approved by the whole polite world.

ANNUAL SALE OVER ONE MILLION PAIRS

To be had of all Dealers throughout the World.

NINE FIRST MEDALS.

MANUFACTURERS:

W. S. THOMSON & CO., Limited, LONDON

WIVES & DAUGHTERS WEAR THE IMPROVED ALL FEATHERBONE & CORSETS

NO SIDE STEELS TO HURT.

NO SIDE STEELS TO BREAK

NO SIDE STEELS TO RUST.

ALL THE Leading Dry Goods Houses IN CANADA

MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, ONT.

SOLID GOLD FILLED

$3 Cts. for a $2.00 Ring.

(Sterling Silver, 25 Cts. Per Ring.)

A SOLID 14k. MARKET GOLD, Hand engraved, Hall and Oxford Marks, guaranteed to retain the color for years. A written guarantee with each ring. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Other prices in $2, and it cannot be told from a regular $10 ring. To introduce our watches and jewelry, we will give away a ring free to Agents, Merchants, &c., on receipt of 25 cts. with special terms. Such a ring was never advertised before. Order immediately. Mention this paper. Address, Your Jeweler, Author, BEARE & CO., 115 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

TRULY CALLED THE

GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD

Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure

The public invited to investigate personally. Pamphlets, Testimonials and advice free. Call or address Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 120 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., sole owners and manufacturers for the Dominion. Beware of impositions. See our Trade Mark.

Dunn's Mustard

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOURTH YEAR

OVER 1,200 PUPILS LAST THREE YEARS

Send for New 100-page calendar for season 1890-91. Mailed free to any address. Apply—

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

Please mention this paper.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.

In affiliation with the University of Toronto.

Thorough musical education in all branches. SPECIAL ADVANTAGES. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante
Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 555 Church St.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG
PRIMO-CONTRALTO
OPEN FOR
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS
Also receives pupils in Voice Culture. Teacher of vocal culture at Branksome Ladies' College. For terms address—
175 College Ave., Toronto

HAROLD JARVIS, Tenor Soloist
Medalist Academy of Music, London, Eng., will receive a limited number of pupils. Open for concert, oratorio, church and other engagements. 80 Charles St.

W. O. FORSYTH Studied the Piano with the great German teachers—Krause, Rothkatz and Zwintscher; theory with S. Jadassohn, Schenck, Richard Hofmann (of Leipsic) and Dr. Paul Kleugel of Stuttgardt. Teaches but two subjects—piano playing and theory. Every care given to piano pupils, both professional and amateur, and the most approved methods taught in developing a perfect technique, interpretation and style. Toronto College of Music or 117 College Street.

S. H. CLARK
ELOCUTIONIST
(Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)
PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION
68 Winchester Street - - - Toronto

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.
Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
303 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

T. A. BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne street Methodist church, is prepared to receive pupils in
ORGAN, PIANO AND THEORY
ADDRESS, 46 PHOEBE STREET.

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

LITERARY PEOPLE
who desire manuscripts put into perfect order printing or for reading before societies can have such attended to for a moderate fee by addressing
MISS L.H. STEWART, 39 Adelaide St. E., Toronto
Typewriter Copyist

Lowe's Commercial Academy

346 Spadina Avenue
Central School 53 King Street East

Hundreds of Our Pupils Now Holding Lucrative Positions

Persons wishing to acquire Shorthand, Bookkeeping, &c., in a short length of time, and at the least possible expense, should attend the above school.

Many of our pupils have mastered shorthand in from four to six weeks, and bookkeeping in from twenty to thirty lessons.

Pupils are not taught on the business college plan, neither are they charged business college prices,

The Only Charge Until Proficient Being $5

PUPILS ASSISTED TO POSITIONS

CAPILLINE

FOR THE HAIR
Prevents Falling Out
Promotes Growth
Removes Dandruff
25c. Per Bottle

NEIL C. LOVE & CO.
Leading Chemists and Perfumers
166 Yonge St., next to Indian Clock

DEAFNESS

ITS CAUSES AND CURE

Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

Dr. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.

FINE FUNERAL GOODS AT J. A. GORMALY

THE VOICE

Production, Development, Cultivation and Style

W. ELLIOT HASLAM
SPECIALIST FOR VOICE CULTURE
Gives lessons in Singing, and prepares professional pupils for Oratorio, Concert or Opera.
Studio 143 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST
ARTIST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto
SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.
"THE BEST"

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FORTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market, 391 Yonge Street.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
IN STONE AND WOOD
86 Yonge Street Arcade

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

MEDICAL.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homœopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uræmia, Pectoria, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic, difficult or obscure diseases!
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

DR. SPILSBURY
210 Huron Street, first door north of College. Specialist diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499.
Office 36 Metcalf Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1685.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street.
Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 934.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street,
HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:

No Life Without Love Waltzes
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 60c
Reverie Musicale Valse
By J. C. Swallow.....Price 50c
Move On Polka
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40
Field Flowers Waltz
By M. A. Weped.....Price 50c

Every piece a gem. Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

Pears' Soap

"MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION."

"My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends over a very "lengthened period—nearly fifty years—during which time I have never come across "another Toilet Soap which so closely comes up to my ideal of perfection; its purity is "such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive "skin—*even that of a new born babe.*"

T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.

WALKING SHOES
FOR SPRING TRADE
There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability.
See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
87 and 89 King Street East
Toronto

PICKLES' $2 LADY'S SHOE

A Fine Buttoned Boot, Enamelled Toe Cap, Opera Heel. Splendid value. PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR, 336 Yonge St.

Spring Goods
TO HAND
Winter Goods
Closing Out at Close Cost Prices

Boots
Shoes
Rubbers

WM. WEST & CO.
246 Yonge St.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)
OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Deposits received, large and small sums. Interest at current rates allowed.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

AROUND THE WORLD
FOR
$600.00
BY
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
For information apply to
W. R. CALLAWAY
DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT
118 King Street West, Toronto

White Enamel Letters
FOR WINDOWS
Caesar Bros.' Patent.
The most conspicuous and durable letter in the market. Not affected by light and frost.

Canadian White Enamel Sign Co.
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto
Agents wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.

J & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 Yonge Street TORONTO
Telephone No. 2575

ATKINSON'S
Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

Artistic Millinery

THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)
Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
MRS A. JAMES
153 Richmond Street - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

THE SCHOOL OF CUTTING

Teaching our New Tailor System of Dress and Mantle cutting for ladies' and children's garments. Perfect satisfaction assured.
DRESSMAKING
Our art. Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to Costumes and Mantle making.
MILLINERY
Leading styles. Well assorted winter stock at reduced prices.
J. & A. CARTER
372 Yonge St., cor. Walton
Established 1860 Toronto

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Dress Cutting Taught
Magic Scale Agency
MISS CHUBB
426½ Yonge St., Just South of College

Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

WELLINGTON STOTT
170 King Street West - Toronto

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mutual St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

Poor Babies!

"I am afraid there is arsenic in these wall papers," said a prospective tenant of a flat to the agent.

"There is a little, sir," replied the agent frankly; "but not enough to injure adults. It has been calculated to affect children only, who might possibly be brought in against our rules."

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

John Joy, Dr. Ferl, Mr. Wm. Dineen, Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan, Mr. Edward Stock, Mr. J. C. Kemp, Mr. M. O'Connnor, Mr. F. Wheaton, Mr. N. T. Kelz, Mr. Robert Davies, Mr. W. A. Murray, Mr. Caron, Mr. J. Connolly, Mr. T. Flynn, Mr. J. C. Bailey, C.E., Mr. John McGee, Mr. Aug. Bolte, Mr. George Kiely, Mr. Alex. McGee, Mr. W. T. Murray, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Mr. John Dryman, Mr. P. Small, Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. D. Defoe, Mr. L. Bolster, and Mr. James Dwyer of Halifax, N.S.

•

Mrs. Osler gave a charming tea last Saturday. This time the sterner sex were honored as well as the ladies.

•

On Thursday evening, April 17, Miss Ireland of Prince Arthur avenue entertained some of her friends at a small dance which was much enjoyed by those present.

•

Mr. W. Standish Lowe sailed on the Majestic on Wednesday, *en route* for Austria, in which country he intends to take up his abode.

•

A marriage is announced to take place early in July between Mr. Louis Bacque of this city and Miss Scott, daughter of Mr. Hugh Scott of Sultan street.

•

The marriage of Mr. Alf. Brown of this city and Miss Sherwood of Ottawa has been fixed for June 7.

•

Miss Hodgins of Bloor street gave an afternoon tea last Saturday which was largely attended.

•

Mrs. J. K. Fisken of Queen's Park gave a small dance on Tuesday evening last.

•

This season, for the first time, the idea of giving dances in a hall or room engaged for that purpose has been tried, with marked success. Indeed of late Toronto has reached such a size that it is almost impossible for a hostess to invite the whole of the circle of her acquaintances to a dance in her private house from which any degree of enjoyment can be obtained. Several dances have been given during the past winter, both at the Academy and at Webb's, which have been in every way a marked success.

•

Among some of the largest given in this way might be mentioned the Grenadiers' assemblies and Mrs. Beatty's dance at Webb's, and Mrs. Blackstock's and Mrs. Harcourt-Vernon's dances at the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms, all of which were much appreciated by those present.

•

Lovers of cricket will be glad to learn that the Toronto Cricket Club retains the beautiful ground at the corner of Bloor and St. George streets during the coming season. Ladies can yet once more sit beneath the shelter of the giant trees and watch this noblest of games, and the members have still another opportunity of extending this hospitality to them in the successful manner of years gone by.

•

Miss Wilkie of Sherbourne street is giving a small tea this afternoon.

•

Several large theater and supper parties have been given this week in conjunction with the performances of Iolanthe given by the Harmony Club, and the rush for seats has been so great that an extra performance will be given this evening (Saturday) for the benefit of those who have been unable to procure seats for the two former ones.

•

The annual banquet of the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association will be held on Monday evening, April 27, at the Walker House.

•

The annual dinner of the Knights of Pythias under the auspices of the combined city lodges, took place at the Arlington last evening.

•

The Young Liberals held their seventh annual banquet at Webb's on Wednesday evening. A large attendance, capital *menu* and fine oratorical efforts marked it as a great success.

•

It has caused me great dismay to discover that my would-be friendly notice of the debate on Bellamy's Social System has roused the ire of the Osgoode correspondent. Far be it from me to be sarcastic in commenting upon the proceedings of these young people who are cross with me. And, indeed, it was rather the superabundance of dignity than the lack of it which marked their proceedings. And, finally, he doesn't surely expect me to believe that any remarks of mine were so severe as not only to rile the four gentlemen who conducted the Bellamy debate, but also to squeamishly affect debaters yet uncriticized. Fie! fie! Lex. Your confreres can stand a good deal rougher sea than that.

The Haslam Vocal Society

SIXTH SEASON—1890-91

Under W. ELLIOTT HASLAM, Musical Director and Conductor.

SECOND CONCERT

Pavilion, Thursday Evening, April 30

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED

Specially selected trained voices in unaccompanied part songs, assisted by the following most eminent artists:

HERR ANDREAS DIPPEL, the great tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

MYRON W. WHITNEY, Boston, the world-renowned bass.

MLLE. FLAVIE VAN DEN HENDE, New York, violincellist of the Christine Nelson and Theodore Thomas Concert companies.

Reserved seats $1. Admission 50c.

Plan of hall will be open to the public at Messrs. Nordheimer's, on Saturday, April 25, at 10 o'clock.

Special Millinery Opening AT McKENDRY'S

IN THE most beautiful Showroom in Canada will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next the third Millinery opening of the present season. On Thursday last we received from Paris, France, a case of the very latest productions of French art in Pattern Hats and Bonnets. On these novelties the rage seems to be for gold and silver effects, the entire crown being composed of gold and lace, and trimmed with garnitures of gold and lilac and other colors. As fast as mail steamers carry goods so fast do we keep in touch with the French markets, for after all that's where the world looks to for the correct think in the fashion world. Our prices, which already attract so much attention, are just as small on these goods (usually charged for so very excessively) as on a yard of muslin proportionately. A revelation of beauty and money saving is in store for visitors for the next three days. Those who are afraid of a big crowd should wait till Tuesday as Monday is Bargain Day.

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

MISS HOLLAND

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

DENSOLINE

(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)

NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT

= USE =

Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin

Cold Cream Densoline for the Complexion

Densoline Toilet Soap, a perfect cure for all Skin Affections

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

MANUFACTURED BY

AMERICAN OIL CO.

29 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

LADIES! Try "Millward's Patent Back" Corsets

Great improvement on the old style. More durable, comfortable and easier fitting. No eyelets required. All prices. Lady agents wanted.

TORONTO ORDERED CORSET CO., 466 Yonge St.

Look for Progressive Euchre Presents AT BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET

Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

Just the things for Progresive Euchre Parties

Fine : :

Hand Made

Wall Papers

WE ARE showing a line of fine English hand made papers with wide, special friezes to match, suitable for Halls, Dining-rooms and Libraries, at low prices for such goods.

ELLIOTT & SON 94 and 96 Bay Street

LADIES

THE DATE IS MONDAY, APRIL 27

PRELIMINARY NOTES

OF THE

Bon Marche's Greatest Sale

$60,000.00 worth of Staple and Housefurnishing Goods, bought from the estate of McLachlin Bros., Montreal, for $30,000.00, and will be sold IN OUR BASEMENT at reckless prices.

A BONANZA FOR THE PEOPLE

Bargains in 150 different lines of goods.
Hundreds of opportunities for saving from 25c. to 50c. on every dollar.
Wholesale and less than wholesale prices to retail buyers.
Innumerable inducements will be given to our thousands of patrons.
This remarkable and very important sale commences MONDAY, APRIL 27, and will continue till further notice. Watch daily papers for further developments of the GREATEST AND GRANDEST money-saving sale ever held.

THE BON MARCHE - 7 & 9 King Street East

THE APEX OF Musical Art Manufacture IS THE MASON & RISCH = PIANO =

Webster defines the word Apex as the tip point or summit of anything, and it is universally acknowledged that

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO

Forms the apex and crowning point of the Musical Pyramid of Canadian Manufacture.

We claim to have rescued the Canadian piano from reproach, and by skill and perseverance to have made an instrument

THE ADMIRATION OF MUSICIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE BROAD BASE OF MERIT

Upon which the reputation of our Piano rests consists of their unsurpassed

BEAUTY OF TONE | ELASTICITY OF TOUCH | CHASTE ELEGANCE OF DESIGN | EXTRAORDINARY DURABILITY

HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

N. ROONEY

Having decided to retire from the dry goods business, now offers his

LARGE WHOLESALE STOCK

FOR SALE BY RETAIL

The stock comprises

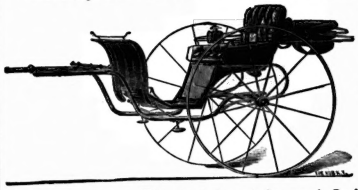
Table Linens, Tablecloths, Napkins, Towellings, Towels, Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains, White and Embroidered Quilts, Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, Black Crapes, Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Pillow Cottons, Etc., Etc.

This week will show 5,000 pairs Lace Swiss Curtains fully 33⅓ % under regular wholesale prices

N. ROONEY - - 62 Yonge Street

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

FREE With every dozen of our Cabinets I make a large size Crayon Picture of yourself. Satisfactory expression and artistic pose are some of the features of my work.

Your Portrait in Crayon

LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO

Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

Fathers = = and = = Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West TORONTO

Cor. Hackney Street

M. STAUNTON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Fringes to Match

WINDOW SHADES

AND IMPORTED

GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES

ROOM MOULDINGS

4 King Street West

JNO. M. McFARLANE & CO.

No. 16 King Street East

IMPORTANT AND ATTRACTIVE AUCTION SALE OF ELEGANT AND VALUABLE

Household Furniture

COMPRISING

Upright Mahogany Pianoforte (new), Cottage Piano, Handsome Crimson Drawing-room Suite, Fancy Tables, Easels, Bric-a-Brac and Ornaments, Valuable Oil Paintings and Steel Engravings, Fancy Chairs, Sideboard and Dining room Furniture, Elegant Silver and Platedware, China, Glassware and Table Napery, Latest Improved Gas Stove with hot water connections, Cooking Utensils, Kitchen Sideboard and Furniture, White and Tennesee Marble topped Bedroom Suites, Handsome Cherry Bedroom Suite, Mattresses and large quantity Bedding, Library Furniture, Bookcase and Valuable Books, Brussels, Wilton and Tapestry Carpets, Chenille Portiers, Lace Curtains and Poles, Handsome Chandeliers and Gas Fixtures, Garden Tools and Hose.

Everything to be sold without reserve, at the residence o

R. G. Wilkie, 661 Spadina Avenue

ON

Tuesday, April 28

SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK

JNO. M. McFARLANE & CO., Auctioneers.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

Floral decorations of a substantial, if not very artistic character, and the heart, if not very harmonious rendering of "He's a jolly good fellow" in the quarters of the first year (facetiously called the kindergarten class by their irreverent seniors) marked the conclusion of the course of lectures on Common Law by Mr. P. H. Drayton, last Thursday. Not only did the lusty bellowings make the rafters ring, but the words expressed the sentiments of all, and the writer feels secure in expressing on behalf of the class, best wishes for a pleasant holiday, and the hope that our relations in the future may only be as pleasant as they have been in the past.

Justice compels me to notice that some unfavorable comments were current this week regarding the handling of our public debate in your Society Columns. The principle objection seemed to lie in the implication that lack of dignity characterized the proceedings, in the expression, "awfully funny."

Your society editor must not think that we are not grateful for the notice, which is in the main kindly, and as for sarcasm why law students are used to that and rather like it, but allow me to throw out merely as a suggestion, on behalf of the unfortunate young men who may happen to take part in future debates, that it makes them feel a little squeamish to have their performance commented upon in this rather facetious manner. The Association Football club are beginning to raise their feet, also their funds, and have held a meeting to organize. I understand that the prospects are good for a successful season. I hope to give the names of office holders next week. LEX.

The Bon Marche Alterations.

Owing to the demands of the wholesale trade of the above concern, Messrs. F. X. Cousineau & Co. have added another flat to this department. The additional room thus acquired and the possession of the top flat have also enab'ed the firm to put in a large skylight which lights the entire building. Toronto ladies have hitherto been subjected to some slight inconvenience by the want of light in the dress goods department, thus necessitating the use of gas. This is now quite done away with, the new skylight rendering this department the brightest on the ground floor, where the retail business is transacted. Messrs. Cousineau & Co. have, by their alterations, been enabled to increase their stock to the extent of $30,000. The opening after alterations occurred on Monday last and the Bon Marche has been thronged throughout the week by its many patrons.

Long Life.

A physician thus explains how one may have length of days: "Take an hour of exercise to every pound of food. We are not nourished by what we eat, but by what we digest. Every hour you steal from digestion will be reclaimed by indigestion. Beware of the wrath of a patient stomach! He who controls his appetite in regard to the quality of his food may safely indulge it in regard to quantity. The oftener you eat the oftener you will repent it. Dyspepsia is a poor pedestrian; walk at the rate of four miles an hour and you will soon leave her behind. Abstinence from all stimulants is easier than temperance. An egg is worth a pound of meat; a milch cow, seven stall-fed oxen. Sleep is sweeter after a fast-day than after a feast-day. For every meal you lose you gain a better."

Wholesale Dry Goods at Retail.

Mr. N. Rooney, wholesale dry goods merchant, having decided to retire from business, is now offering his stock for sale by retail. Ten thousand pairs of Belgium and Swiss lace curtains of really handsome patterns will, beginning Monday next, be retailed at less than usual wholesale prices.

DENTISTRY.

C. A. RISK
Graduate and Medallist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons.
First-class patronage solicited.
Over "The Bell," 86 Yonge St, near King
Open evenings.

H. D. BOYES
DENTIST
Room 26 Yonge St. Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

DR. CAPON Tel. 3821
12 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S, D.D.S, Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

J. G. ADAMS,
DENTIST
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

Pike's Piano Polish
OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of
P. P. P.
Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.
A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HONEYSETT—On Monday, April 20, at 18 Avenue place, the wife of J. S. Honeysett—a son.

COULSON—At Toronto, on April 17, Mrs. William Coulson—a daughter.

GALLOWAY—At Toronto, on April 18, Mrs. Herbert P. H. Galloway—a son.

HARCOURT—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. R. B. Harcourt—a son.

SMITH—At Toronto, on April 12, Mrs. Robert Smith a daughter.

BOYD—At Toronto, on April 17, Mrs. Alexander Boyd—a daughter.

BRAYLEY—At Toronto, on April 6, Mrs. James E. Brayley—a son.

McDOLE—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. John McDole, jr.—a daughter.

WELLSTED—At Toronto, on April 13, Mrs. Henry Wellsted—a daughter.

FRASER—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. Robert Fraser—a son.

SANFORD—At Barrie, on April 11, Mrs. J. Sanford—a daughter.

HELM—At Montreal, on April 15, Mrs. Henry P. Helm—a son.

NICHOLSON—At Toronto, on April 16, Mrs. B. R. Nicholson—a son.

DAVIS—At Freeman, on April 16, Mrs. C. G. Davis—a daughter.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, on Ap il 15, T. O. Anderson—a daughter.

BALDWIN—At Hamilton, on April 16, Mrs. Cyrus W. Baldwin—a son.

WHITELAW—At Toronto, on April 15, Mrs. Norman Whitelaw—a daughter.

BOLUS—At Toronto, on March 20, Mrs. N. J. Bolus—a son, stillborn.

GARVIN—At Hamilton, on April 14, Mrs. M. Garvin—a daughter.

Marriages.

CLARKE—LESLIE—At Meaford, on April 15, Charles A. Clarke to Elizabeth Leslie.

GAMBLE—McINTOSH—At Toronto, on April 16, Joseph B. Gamble to Lizzie J. McIntosh.

PAGET—MUTER—At Toronto, on April 15, Robert H. Paget to Edith Muter.

MIMMES—FISKE—At Woodville, on April 15, Reuben Mimmes to Emma L. Fiske.

McNAUGHT—BENNETT—At Toronto, on April 15, Charles McNaught to Gertrude A. Bennet.

YOUNG—RACEY—At Woodstock, on April 17, J. Morris Young to Catherine J. V. Racey.

ALLEY—MASON—At Toronto, on April 15, Henry Rutton Alley to Florence Maud Mason.

FRANCES—READ—At Toronto, on April 15, Richard P. Francis, M.D., to Jessie Read.

SMITH—ROADHOUSE—At Toronto, Leonard F. Smith to Mary Ellen Roadhouse.

ELLIOT—McFAIL—At Stayner, on April 15, Rev. J. J. Elliot, Presbyterian minister, Hillsburg, Ont., to Lizzie S. McFail.

HOLT—McILWRAITH—At Toronto, on April 15, John P. Holt of Quebec to Helen Adair McIlwraith of Hamilton.

SHUNK—FRANK—At Maple, on April 15, Amos Shunk to Annie Frank.

JAFFRAY—PALMER—At Albany, N.Y., on April 15, Clive Talbot Jaffray to Madeline Palmer.

COWAN—BROWN—At Pickering, on April 8, John W. Cowan to Nellie M. Brown.

Deaths.

EYRE—At Cobourg, on Saturday morning, April 18th W. H. Eyre, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

BURTON—At Midland, on April 9, Hamilton Coulter Burton, aged 5 months.

POWEL—At Charlottevile, on April 12, Charlotte Catherine Powel, aged 84 years.

ROME—At Toronto, on April 16, David Rome, aged 34 years.

McMILLAN—At Petrolea, on April 17, John McMillan, aged 66 years.

FAIRBAIRN—At Derby, on April 14, Alexander Fairbairn, aged 82 years.

WHITING—At Exeter, on April 8, Edmund Whiting, aged 82 years.

WILSON—At Toronto, on April 12, Mrs. Helen Wilson, aged 81 years.

MACDONALD—At Toronto, on April 16, Malcolm C. Macdonald, aged 32 years.

MIDDLETON—At Smithville, Mrs. Janet S. Middleton, aged 75 years.

MARTIN—At Halifax, on April 14, Edward Thomas Martin, aged 27 years.

ROCK—Found drowned in Toronto Bay, on April 14, Michael Francis Rock.

GILKISON—At Pontiac, Mich., on April 13, W. A. Gilkison, aged 37 years.

VRADENBURG—At Scarboro', on April 15, Mrs. Jane Vradenburg.

McCALLUM—At Strange, on April 14, James McCallum, aged 82 years.

DEIGAN—At Bracondale, Mrs. Elizabeth Deigan, aged 58 years.

ADAMSON—At Toronto, on April 16, Frederick William Adamson, aged 13 years.

MILLER—At Toronto, Henry Torrence Miller, aged 25 years.

CAMPBELL—At Ash, on April 11, Peter Campbell, aged 66 years.

McFARLANE—At Stouffville, on April 13, Mrs. Ann McFarlane, aged 76 years.

BOYCE—At Toronto, on April 18, Grace Boyce, aged 51 years.

CREIGHTON—At Toronto, on April 18, William Edward Creighton, aged 13 years.

GILLESPIE—At Pasadena, Cal., on April 11, George Edward Gillespie, aged 16 years.

GETTY—At Toronto, on April 19, Mrs. F. Getty, aged 66 years.

IRWIN—At North Toronto, Margaret Irwin.

MURRAY—At Toronto, on April 18, John J. Murray, aged 11 years.

MACNAB—At Toronto, on April 19, Sophia Macnab, aged 75 years.

PLUMTREE—At Toronto, on April 18, Mary Ann Plumtree, aged 49 years.

ROBERTS—At Toronto, on April 19, Edwin Roberts.

RITCHIE—At Toronto, on April 18, John Ritchie, jr., aged 42 years.

HILL—At Toronto, on April 19, Mary Lawrence Hill, aged 72 years.

SPREAD—At Toronto, on April 20, William Spread, aged 79 years.

COGSWELL—At Thornhill, on April 20, William L. Cogswell.

ATKINSON—At Caledonia, Maggie Willoughby Atkinson, aged 29 years.

DOCKERSY—At Toronto, on April 20, Robert James Dockersy, aged 16 years.

SHEPPARD—At Toronto, on April 19, John Sheppard, aged 38 years.

BAKER—At Ayr, on April 17, William Baker, aged 72 years.

PRICE—At Toronto, on April 16, Mrs. Ann Price

SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, Mrs. Robert Sutherland, aged 21 years.

MORPHY—At Lincoln, Neb., on April 11, Eva Morphy.

MUIR—At Hamilton, on April 13, Andrew Harold Pettit Muir, aged 11 years.

KING—At Toronto, on April 12, Mrs. King, aged 75 years.

TRY
SIMCOE
GRATED
PUMPKIN
CANNING CO.'S
MAKES DELICIOUS
PUMPKIN PIES

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing goods. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mealey's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 355½ Yonge Street, 273 Spadina Avenue, 422 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West, Parkdale.

The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works
Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2036.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

OAK HALL

Particular attention has been given to our Boys' Suits this year. As a result we have now on hand such a diversity of styles and patterns as has never before been placed before the public

INSPECTION INVITED

OAK HALL
THE GREAT
ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES
BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

THE OWEN
ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

DIAMONDS.
GET ROREY
63 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

American and Canadian Underclothing
GOLDEN LION
NEW GOODS

CORSET COVERS - 35c. Embroidered, Full Trimmed. 40c. Square and V Shape Trimmed Embroidery. 50c. Square Front Embroidery Trimming.

CHEMISE - - - 25c. Plain Cotton, 35c. Full Trimming. 50c. Embroidered, Extra quality Cambric, 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50.

DRAWERS - - - 25c. in the New French and American Cut. 35c. Frilled, Fine Cambric. 50c. Embroidery Trimmed. 75c. Tucked and Embroidered, also Lace Trimmed, $1, $1.25, $1.50. Extra quality of Cambric.

GOWNS - - - - 90c. Mother Hubbard Style, Embroidered and Tucked. $1 Fine Tucks Embroidered. $1.25 Lace and Embroidery Trimmed

SKIRTS - - - - 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.50. Frilled, Embroidered, Lace and Hemstitch Trimmed.

DRESSING JACKETS $1.50, $2 and $2.50. White Lawn, Embroidered Trimmed. Fancy Spotted Lawn, latest American style.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES 25c., 75c., $1 and $1.50. Printed Cambric, 90c., $1, $1.50 and $2, White Lawn Embroidered. 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2 Night and Dry Slips. 25c., 40c., 50c., 75c., $1 Infants' and Children's White Washing Hats.

R. WALKER & SONS 33, 35, & 37 King St. East 18, 20 & 22 Colborne St.

REMOVAL

We beg to announce to our patrons and the public generally that, owing to our warerooms at 117 King Street West being destroyed by fire, we have opened out new warerooms at

89 KING STREET WEST

where we shall be pleased to meet our friends.

We have stocked those large and commodious premises with an entirely new stock of Pianos of the latest and most elegant designs from our factory, West Toronto Junction, and respectfully solicit intending purchasers and others to call and examine them. We are prepared to offer

Special Bargains for the Next 30 Days

Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of same in the future, we remain,
Respectfully,
HEINTZMAN & CO.
89 KING STREET WEST.

P. S.—Those Pianos are entirely new, our stock at 117 King Street West being completely destroyed by the fire.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y

H.S. Morison & Co.
216 AND 218 YONGE STREET

WE desire to express our sincere thanks to the ladies of Toronto for the hearty response which greeted the first of our regular Special Bargain Days last Wednesday. By continuing the special features which made the event so successful we hope to repeat the experience so satisfying to our patrons and ourselves every Wednesday every week through the season. For the benefit of those Ladies who were unable to take advantage of many of our special offers last Wednesday, owing to the great attendance, we have decided to continue special drives in all the departments of our establishment, and beg to draw special attention to our

MANTLE AND DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

But our Special Bargain Days will continue to be

EVERY WEDNESDAY

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street.

One for His Nob.

Englishman—If you Americans think so much of the American idea and all that, why do you flock to England so?

American—To escape from the most offensive type of Englishman.

No Return Ticket.

"I have always wondered," said the newly arrived missionary to the genial cannibal, "what became of my predecessor."

"Oh, he," returned the cannibal, "he has gone into the interior."